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NEWPORT:

A Play in Six Acts.

BY ROBERT RAE,

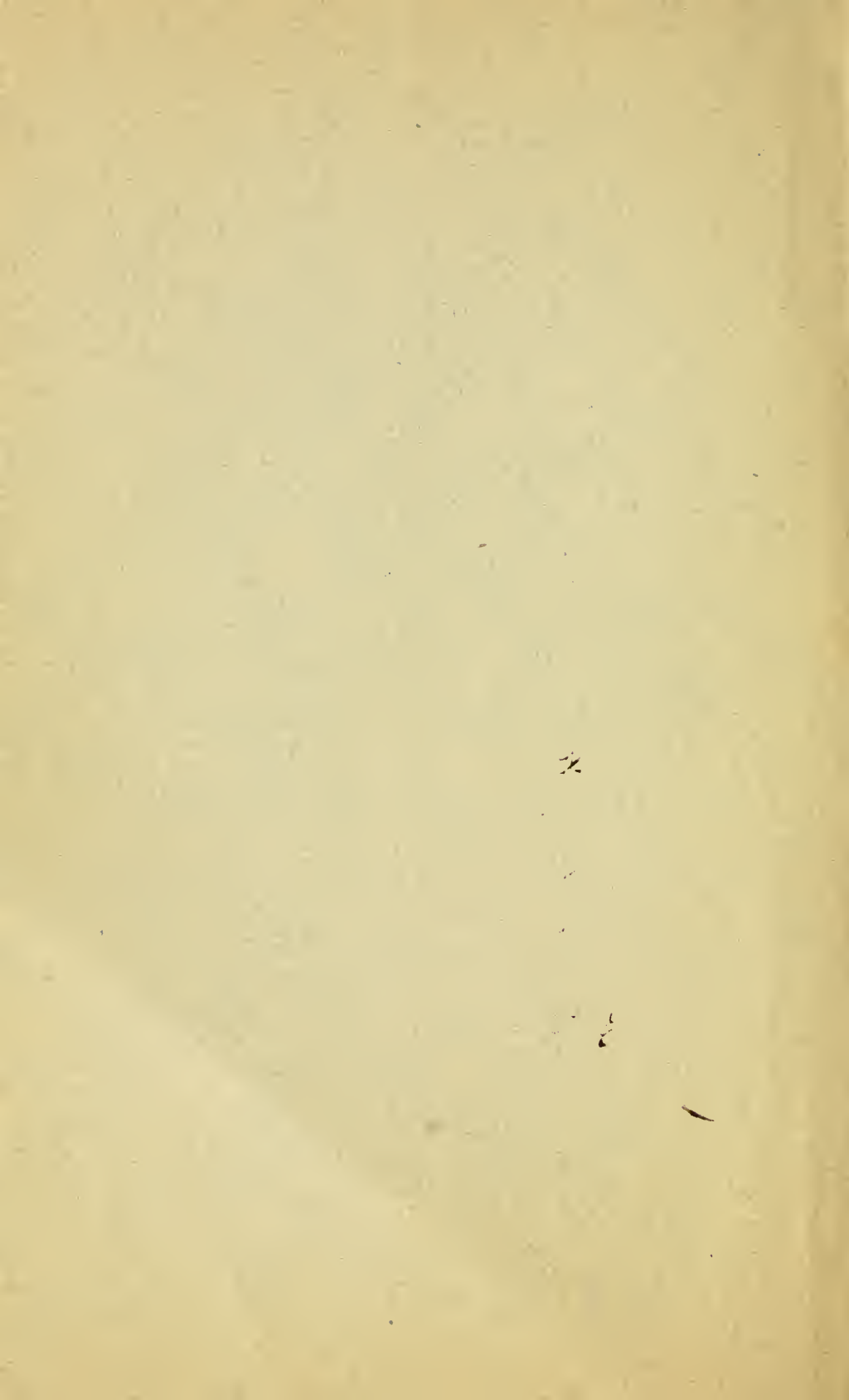
A MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO BAR.



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HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS, 172 AND 174 CLARK STREET.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

OLD WILLOUGHBY, *Father of Julia.*
MR. ROSEALLEN, *Father of Matilda.*
COL. ALEXANDER MONTROSE, *in love with Matilda.*
DR. FRANK MERRILIES, *in love with Julia.*
BOB SUMMERS, *in love with Kate.*
ALFRED BARTLETT, *Widower, in love with Mrs. Cummings.*
CHARLES, *a Beau.*
CLARENCE, *a Beau.*
WALTER, *a Beau.*
ARTHUR, *a Beau.*
J. FILBY, *Tailor.*
1ST BAILIFF.
2D BAILIFF.
GEORGE TEMPLETON, *Landscape Gardener.*
MRS. ROSEALLEN, *Mother of Matilda.*
MATILDA ROSEALLEN.
JULIA WILLOUGHBY.
KATE SPRING.
VIOLET, *a Belle.*
NELLIE, *a Belle.*
MARIA, *a Belle.*
LIZZIE, *a Belle.*
MRS. CUMMINGS, *a Widow.*
BERTHA, *Governante to Matilda.*
FOOTMEN, MAIDS, ET AL.

Scene—Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Newport.* KATE, LIZZIE, NELLIE, VIOLET, MARIA.
*Young ladies in croquet costume; archery. ROSEALLEN'S
Garden; lawn party. Band heard playing.*

KATE. I declare, Newport is só stupid. It is made up of fops and fossils—old gentlemen with glow-worm noses, which have stood sentinel over many a glass of crusted port and sherry, and old ladies full of pearls and perspiration, and for every wrinkle a ringlet.

LIZZIE. Newport is breakfast, dinner, and wheels—footman and butler; everything is a heavy swell except the surf. What shall we light on, girls? (*All sing, and waltz as they sing,*

Oh, dear! what will become of us?

Oh, dear! what shall we do?

We'll die of the blue vapors, every one of us,
Unless we can find us a beau.)

The dinners are so solemn, that I do declare the champagne corks look as though they would like to pop back, and save the sparkle for more merry guests.

NELLIE. Ma says "that it is so much more respectable" to say that one spent the summer at Newport than at that dashing, rollicking place, Saratoga, or that jockey, stunning, delicious place, Long Branch; and so it is, if one is supposed to be good only when she's asleep. "Oh, solitude! where are thy charms?" But I don't come to Newport to look after the charms of solitude, but to display my own. I don't want to blush unseen.

LIZZIE. I wish I could see something or somebody to blush at or with. Why, I think the gardens of Newport must have had women planted in them before men, and a long time, too. I don't wonder at Eve's looking into the stream to find something; and if she had not discovered her Adam tending his sheep in the distance, I fear she would be fishing at its banks 'til now. I am bound to find a beau, by hook or by crook. I wonder if Adam was as old a man when Eve first saw him as the *pater familias* we have to ride with here, and moon over at whist, when we might be spinning like tops in those beautiful new waltzes that Clara Saltare writes about from Saratoga, if we only had the boys to spin us.

MARIA. Spinsters are no very great favorites with the boys, you know; and that's the reason, I fear, that they are not here to spin us. What benevolent statesmen those Spartans were who condemned to death all people too old to dance or to be useful. By the bye, girls, let's see if we can't find something to talk about, if we can't find something to do.

KATE. Let's talk about what all New York talked about last winter, and sighed about, too, at least so far as the male population were concerned.

LIZZIE. You mean Matilda Roseallen, of course. Let's talk of something else. As men are said to be wolves to each other, one pretty woman is a mold to another.

NELLIE. You know she is here at her father's cottage, or castle, for it is not only the loveliest spot on earth, but it is the most magnificent.

VIOLET. Then look out for the king bees; where both sweetness and summer are, there will you find them, too.

Enter JULIA, R. C.

JULIA. Girls, *good* news! Who do you think pa saw this morning, dressed like an English sportsman, with that little dog of his? Who but Dr. Frank Merrilie, the Achates

to that witty young lawyer, Robert Summer. What do you think of that, Kate?

(*All, Oh, Julia! Julia!*)

KATE. I should say that *Dr. Frank Merrilie* is a handsome dandy, with an honest heart—knight of the pestle and mortar, and cavalier to Miss Julia Willoughby, if you please.

NELLIE. Now, here's a *chance* for you, Julia, to send for Frank, and ask him to feel your pulse and look at your lips, and tell you how salt water and sea air and *solitary confinement* agree with you at Newport.

JULIA. Bob Summer is a lawyer of repute, and I heard him tell Kate that it took two or more to agree. I can't see, then, how the sea can agree with me. Old Neptune is already married—Amphitrite will give us a ducking if we flirt with her goose. But that is not all; he told pa that Bob Summer was with him, and that they were expecting a jolly time on the bay (in a jolly boat, no doubt). Pa asked them where they were staying; Frank said that Bob was not satisfied with the quarters at the hotel, and would take up more suitable accommodations, as he was now admitted to the practice of law.

LIZZIE. Well, Bob must now be able to raise the wind, since he has become a dedicated beggar to the air.

JULIA. As the boys are new practitioners, and have nothing except "great expectations" from their talents, they are not regarded by *pa* as good catches, although I should think that they might be so accepted, as they will *catch at* almost anything. Pa has not invited them to come to the house; but we can get up a little picnic, and invite them to meet us *by chance* at the trysting place.

(*All, Agreed! agreed!*)

NELLIE. Who will write the note; *you*, Julia?

KATE. You're used to it. You know it comes so natural to say "Dear Frank."

JULIA. That's easily done. Jeems, fetch me paper and pencil. (*Footman brings articles to Julia, who writes.*)

VIOLET. What do you say, young ladies, to these grounds near the little cottage of Mrs. Cummings, the garden in rear of Roseallen's place, it is so private? You know it is so full of romance and mystery about the young cavalier — the Southern Hotspur and Romeo — who is beautifying the grounds.

NELLIE. This is indeed a lovely place, since his spade has carved from the face of nature the sweetest features that ever smiled among the perfume of flowers or grew glad at the song of birds. If we could get up a flirtation with him, it would make something to talk about, and perhaps sigh about, for the next twenty-four hours. Well, as you make no objections, these garden grounds shall be the place.

JULIA. Well, here's the note, girls; and now let's go and practice some rustic songs for our picnic.

Exeunt, R.

Enter BERTHA, governante to MATILDA; COL. ALEXANDER MONTROSE, ex-officer U. S. A., and gambler, in love with MATILDA, R. C.

BERTHA. Well, Colonel, I have made every effort to excite some feeling of attachment on the part of Matilda for you. I fear my praises go for nothing. She is so gentle in her nature that she always listens with respect, and sometimes when I tell her of some fancied act of yours, of either generosity or courage, she seems to pity you for a moment; but I fear her heart is entirely fancy free, and that no praises of mine will ever awaken any softer chord in her heart. It was easier for me to teach her the French verb *amier* than to teach her *qui amier* — whom to love; besides, I fear she is too pure and innocent for a wicked man like you. Some angel guards her, and drives away each thing of sin and guilt. Her father, too, knows of your vice of gambling, and has forbidden Matilda to ever see you more, and never

to listen to your professions of love. She is a dutiful daughter, and would rather die than not honor her father and mother.

MONTROSE. Yes, Bertha, I feel that she is not only indifferent, but feels something like an active aversion to me. Guarded as I have been in my speech, I fear that now and then I drop some word that smells to heaven, for she at times suddenly withdraws herself, and her eyes flash as if she were indignant. She's not proud, but yet at such times her blood bounds through her veins into her cheek, and her lip curls, as if she were the proudest she alive. The more she rejects my passion, the wilder and fiercer it rages, 'til in the madness of desperation I almost resolve to gain by fraud and guile what her gentle heart denies to my persuasion and most earnest supplication. 8

BERTHA. Well, I'll do what I can; but I fear that my commendations of you fall upon my young mistress' ears like the tuneless notes of the birds that, unfitted to be of the choir of the forest, perch upon the porch of her lattice.

MONTROSE. The most provoking thing is, I cannot get a personal interview with her, else I might invent some story which would touch and melt her to pity me; and after that the road to love is smooth and easy. She seems to avoid me. Can you tell, Bertha, how I can flush this coy dove?

BERTHA. You know the rustic bridge that spans the little brook that babbles by the foot of the meadow in the rear of her father's hall? Beyond, you perceive, there stands a group of tall and graceful elms, surrounded by a fragrant thicket of low shrubbery and roses. Amid this cluster of trees is a small bower, which was built for the sake of Matilda, and in which she often sits, listening to the songs of the birds, caressing her spaniel, or reading her favorite authors, Tennyson and Shelley. You might manage to surprise her there, and then plead your cause with such sorcery as best will move her.

MONTROSE. Thanks, Bertha, for this hint; it may be useful to me. Here's a present of a collar—never mind looking at it *now*—and here's a purse, the contents of which may interest you. I will go, to act upon your hint.

BERTHA. And *I* to Matilda, to practice upon her my arts.

Exit, MONTROSE R., BERTHA L.

Enter J. FILBY, with STITCH, the footman, carrying clothes,
R., BAILIFFS L.

1ST BAILIFF. Well, we got the judgment against Summer, and the affidavit that he is not a citizen of Rhody; you can arrest him, you know, and make him give bail. You do not mean to incarcerate him?

FILBY (*tailor*). Surely! surely! Don't give him a minute beyond his time. These limbs of the law sometimes must be shot by an arrow from their own quiver. Let me see, what were the articles charged? (*Looks at bill from side pocket.*) Yes, "an extra superfine saxony, blue, richly bound, etc., frock coat, etc., etc., \$65, due June 1st;" and it is now July—a month past due. Nab him, Mr. Bailiff, nab the villain, and we will give him six months of the cage, at any rate, and that will be some satisfaction.

1ST BAILIFF. I only saw him once.

FILBY. Oh, that's easily suited, although you don't know the frock coat. Here, Stitch (*takes coat off STITCH's arm*); see, here is the neighbor to it. La, it is one of a thousand! The only one of the same cut and fashion in the city; that I know. I could pick it out blind from among a million. Here is his address—Sleeps at No. 60 Thro street, and gets free lunches, as a light diner out..

1ST BAILIFF. All right, sir. As soon as the bird is caged I will send you word.

Exeunt, FILBY and STITCH L., BAILIFFS R.

Enter FRANK MERRILIE, L., dressed smartly.

FRANK. Well, I have studied pretty hard all winter

over nasty names and nasty tasting things, and its some relief to find a contrast. Mermaids and dolphins! what a lucky thing to run across old Willoughby yesterday. Old fellow's very cordial in the street — very glad to see me in the street; wonder, if it makes him so glad to see me in the street, with what bewildering feelings of delight he would be seized if he saw me in his parlor? The ancient is pretty stout about the neck and thorax. Afraid to ask me, no doubt, for fear that the delirium of rapture at seeing me there might bring on a spell of apoplexy. Good livers must take good care of themselves; and if they are rich, they think that they must take deuced good care of their daughters, too. By the bye, Julia is worth taking care of. If the old gent is not equal to the task, I wish he would put her in my hands, as a physician, you know; medicine mild, but effective. Sweet spirits of nit-er! I will make the application myself, and often. (*Taking out a photograph and looking at it.*) She is peerless! She must know that I love her; yet she gives me no assurance that these tender feelings are reciprocated. Nothing but the ordinary courtesies have as yet passed between us; yet she is a sensible girl, and as such can't be entirely indifferent to what "charms and drugs" — bon bons — I have sought to win his daughter with — (*Jeems enters with a note.*) What's here? Good morning, Jeems; how is your young mistress?

JEEMS. Very well. She sent me with this note to you.

FRANK. A note, and from Julia! (*Reads.*)

"DEAR MR. MERRILIE: Would you make one of a party to a picnic to-morrow? I should be happy if you could. There will be several young ladies of my acquaintance with us; and we hope one or two gentlemen may stroll there 'by chance' (?). We purpose meeting at widow Cummings' at twelve o'clock *precisely*. It will particularly gratify me if you can make it convenient to make *one* of the party, etc., etc.

[JULIA WILLOUGHBY."

Dear, delightful creature! (*Kissing the note.*) Make it convenient? Ay, that I will, adored and beloved Julia, although ten thousand difficulties were in my way. All engagements, all considerations, all duties, light of my life, idol of my adoration, must give way to thy slightest wish. "It will particularly gratify me." (*In ecstasy.*) Will it! will it! Oh, will it! Then I am a happy man indeed. (*Waltzing up and down. At last his eyes fall on his coat sleeve.*) Ha! getting scuffy, by all that's annoying. Had no idea! Won't do, won't do, that's clear. Can never go over hill and dale with Julia and her fair bevy of acquaintances in such a coat as this; never, never, never. (*Sits down and clasps his head in his hands, and then remembers.*) There is a tide, in the affairs of men, which, when taken at the flood, leads on to fortune and to Julia, and that flood is a new coat. How vexatiously strange that I should have thought of a breakfast coat, a walking coat and a dress coat; but a frock coat *comme il faut* for a *fête champêtre* is entirely overlooked. No time to telegraph to Sheers and get a coat in reply. It is past surgery. A nimble surgical operation might cut the coat, but it requires time to stitch it. It is a sheer case of necessity, and I must borrow. I have it! I'll borrow Bob's new coat. A little *prononcé*, tis true, but still stylish. Ha, Ha! Borrowed plumage; but, as Bob would say, although not the owner *in presenti*, I'll be a tenant *in tail*. False colors, what of it? Men, and women too, wear false hair, teeth, eyes and complexions, hearts and manners. And why should not I, a new-born son of Esculapius, wear a friend's coat? It is all for the fair, and not a coat to conceal fraud. For Julia's sake I would wear any *fashionable* new coat with resignation, unless it be a present from Julia of a *sack*. I will then apply to Bob, not as a lawyer for a *whole suit*, but as a friend, to furnish the desiderated garment. (*Writes, and reads as he writes.*)

"DEAR BOB: Being invited for to-morrow to a party, in which there is a large infusion of the fair sex, and finding, after a careful inspection, that my coat is not in the most healthy condition, might I request the favor of your lending me a corresponding piece of toggery for the occasion, if you have such an article to spare, and said article be of a kind creditable to the wearer. We are about of a size, I think, and I can therefore calculate on a fit.

"Yours, truly,

"FRANK MERRILLIE."

"N. B. It must be, of course, a frock coat, half dress and half promenade costume." (*Seals the letter.*)

JEEMS, are you waiting for an answer?

JEEMS. Yes, sir.

FRANK. Say to her, Jeems, that I shall be most happy to be one of the party. Jeems, stay a moment, would you (*feeling for a gratuity*) oblige me, Jeems, by being the bearer of this note to Robert Summer—you know Summer—(*Jeems bows*) and fetch me back an answer, say in half an hour?

JEEMS. With all my heart, doctor. (*JEEMS takes note and gift.*) *Exit, L.*

FRANK. And now for a short stroll over to the Ocean and a peep at the wall-flower hop. Band plays Offenbach's music, while grave and reverend seniors look serious and respectable; nothing short of Moody and Sankey could stir them up to hilarity. *Exit, R.*

Enter LANDSCAPE GARDENER, with two sub-gardeners from the R. C.

L. G. You will now go to the Italian garden. Your work is there laid out for you. I shall follow presently, to give you further directions. (*Exeunt sub-gardeners, L.* L. G. *retires to the bridge, and, in passing wood bower, dis-*

covers MATILDA *within, sleeping.*) What fair wonder is this! Have all the perfumes and zephyrs that haunt this garden become a living thing, or waits she yet for life? What sunbeam, kissing those lips, could quicken a soul so pure? Has beauty, enamored of its own loveliness, sculptured this sleeping paragon, reversing the fate of the fabled Narcissus? For this, Endymion would have forsaken his couch, and Pan, his pipes. I oft have dreamed of a maiden born of the sun and fleecy cloud. A heavenly passion, made to be the bridegroom of him who, maddened with genius, dies for a deathless love. But never yet, in dream or vision, have my eyes seen one so absolute in all perfection as this drowsy nymph. My soul, stirred by an invisible spirit, leaps up to gaze upon those eyes, whose glances must shoot forth radiant bliss. Amid these flowers and buds, these humble peasantry of the grass, whose weak lives I have fostered as a brother's, God has sent his angel to me, to make my life one of love, as it has been one of piety. She wakes and moves, and I must fly.

(Crosses stage and exit L. c.)

MATILDA. *(Coming out of the bower.)* What face was that I saw just now? Could I have waked dreaming, and the vision but the ripeness of my dream! Oh, no! The vines did stir, and the hasty step of a retreating man, sounding, did entertain my ears. But what a God-like countenance! His glance darted through my eyes, into my heart, as leaps the lightning from the bosom of a cloud to strike a mountain cedar. If I should live a thousand years, and after death, if remembrance still may live, I never shall forget the sweetness and the manly beauty of him who gazed just now. I am afraid, and yet I love to think on what I tremble at. Weak heart, to be so foolish. It has found its master, and to love him as its master shall be its dearest duty; yet it flutters like a wounded dove, and when it still, it will mourn for him like a widowed one, till it finds its mate.

Enter BERTHA, R. C.

BERTHA. What in the world is the matter, Matilda? You look bewildered.

MATILDA. Oh, Bertha! Don't ask me. *(Pauses.)* Bertha, did you see a— *(hesitates)* any person pass this way?

BERTHA. When?

MATILDA. But a moment ago.

BERTHA. *(Supposing it to be the gambler.)* Oh, yes, dear mistress; Colonel Montrose, I think, must have been here. *(Matilda shudders at his name.)* He seems to haunt these grounds, and I guess my lady can tell the reason why. If the thrush hen knows not the mottled lover that woos her, what other bird of the wood can come to the knowledge, I am too old a bird to know now the notes of a lover, or to tell a moulted feather from the new plume. Col. Montrose is as venturesome as he is constant.

MATILDA. No, not he. Any one else?

BERTHA. *(Suspiciously.)* Why, who do you think was here?

MATILDA. One whom I never saw; or, if I did, it was but for an instant. Of his name and person I am wholly ignorant.

BERTHA. Then it is a *he*. Oh, my lady, the birds will seek the cherries and the brook they come to taste and drink of, Matilda.

MATILDA. *(Earnestly.)* My old friend and instructress, tell me, (and don't be foolish, or think I am,) have you not seen one wandering through these grounds, or near them, of an uncommon height and frame, with a dignity of mein that would at once strike you? I saw, or thought I saw, such a one, but for an instant, and in that moment there was a greatness in his looks and high fate that almost awes me when I recall it.

BERTHA. At twenty I would be much more likely to see

such a dear man than at fifty. You know my eyes have lost somewhat of their sharpness, as well as their beauty.

MATILDA. (*Caressing her.*) Now I want to ask a favor of you; and, dear Bertha, keep my secret. I want you to find out, by some means, who this gentleman is who tarried here just now, and then tell me. (*Another caress.*) Will you promise me?

BERTHA. (*Aside.*) I'll find him out for my own sake. (*Aloud.*) Well, if you wish it, and particularly request it, I will; though it goes against my conscience to be engaged in such a work, my lady. What would your ma say? And I am sure your pa would discharge your old governess if he knew I was looking up the names and histories of all the handsome young men who hang around a pretty heiress' grounds at Newport; and then my time from my duties.

MATILDA. Well, kind Bertha, that's a good creature. I knew you'd do as much for me, and I'm ever so grateful, and I'll recompense you for all of these perils; there, go. (*Exit Bertha.*) And I will go to bathe the wings of my fancy in this new sea of pleasant thought till I know more of one of whom I know so little, and yet that little will live with me *forever*. *Exit, R.*

Enter FRANK, L.

FRANK. Last night's dissipation was hideous. Old Botlenose dozed the whole evening and made a first class anvil chorus to the band's Trovatore. *Miserere!!* The only thing radiant, beautiful and befitting a "Mid Summer Night's Dream" was Miss Roseallen. Gorgeous as a queen, she walked and moved, the wonder and delight of both old and young. Her highborn kinsmen must be the angels, and they must be lofty indeed, if they don't have to look up to her. Health and perfect beauty, to look upon, are in themselves medicine both for mind and body. If this be true, she is more potent to heal than all the old musty learning I got out of the books these last five years, and yet

she left, no doubt, *many* a purple wound, that will be nursed for many a day by love, in idleness. I wonder what Julia would have said to have seen me startle at her classic face, as she turned its full beauty upon me as she passed. But, ah! Julia, I am yours, if am not yet sure you are mine. I wonder if Miss Roseallen ever felt love's smart. Although the most beautiful woman in America, they say she is the humblest and the most affectionate of friends. Where such a woman gives her heart, there must courage, truth and constancy dwell; else the gift were trampled in the dust, and not laid upon an altar. Last night I noticed young Vanderpelt, the railroad magnifico. She hung upon his arm. What a contrast in faces! One, the innocence of the lily and the sparkle of the dewdrop, the other, the hard, sharp man of business, smirking all over with success, yet eager and sensitive at any change of good or bad fortune. As all of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are, most of them unfit for conversation. What does he know about the bonds of matrimony? Bah! Nothing—Erie and New York Central, *everything*. Such a match is like the foam of the sea, pure and spotless, caressing the slimy rock, only to be driven back and lost in the blackness of despair. Such beauty as hers is the beauty of holiness, indeed, and was made to make, like the skies, all happy, and ambitious to be worthier. No; if I have studied the expression of the outward countenance aright, and can judge of it, as I can of the blood, nerves and muscles, which give it animation, I should say that nothing but a poet in love could ever strike a chord of sympathy from that high-strung lyre, or casket a heart so jewelled with every gem-like virtue. But—Oh! Here comes Bob's note and coat. (*Enter JEEMS, R., hands note and coat.*) Dear, kind fellow, as he is, what does he say:

“DEAR FRANK: As the patriarch of old gave to his best beloved a coat of many colors, so I give to thee, with all my heart, because I love thee, this celestial jacket. You may

know the sacrifice I make, when I tell you I have been invited to be one of the party. But having no other coat but my "Roger de Coverly," which has been in and out a dozen times, I have concluded to be assoined. May you not disgrace the owner.

"Yours, ever,

"BOB SUMMER,

"Atty. at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and

"Proctor in Admiralty."

Thank you, Jeems, you may now go to your mistress. (*Exit JEEMS, L.*) He's witty, but poor. He'll make his mark yet. I'll just slip the coat on and run over and thank Bob. (*Crosses to R.*)

Enter BOB SUMMER, R.

BOB. My dear brother in poverty, Frank, how do you do this mornlng? Am sorry I could not be with you at the hop last night, but was engaged in correcting the opinions of the "High Court of Commission" on fraud and perjuries in election cases. (*Aside.*) Playing backgammon for dimes to get my breakfast, seven to eight.

FRANK. Rather Hayesy, I should think.

BOB. Don't give me a pun, doctor. I would prefer a milder emetic before bathing. After that I might take a paragram.

FRANK. Now, Bob, I'll just step aside and try your coat on; and, as it is near the time when I am to start, I'll see how it fits, and have your opinion of the get up. (*FRANK puts the coat on.*)

BOB. Why, it is a beautiful fit. Not the hundredth part of an inch too short, too long, or too wide. It is, in fact, just the thing. Could n't have been better, although it had been cut for you by Filby's foreman.

FRANK. And now, Bob, to go, and to see, and to conquer.

BOB. And may all the angels who attend the good watch

over you and follow you, my boy, till, like Paris, you capture another Helen, or, like Romeo, woo and win another Juliet.

Exit FRANK.

(Officers present lurking among the scenery.)

1ST BAILIFF. That's him, sure; there's the coat. Let's keep the ostrich in full sight till we capture him. He walks nimbly, but he can't fly you know.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Roseallen Garden, Vases and Flowers; LAND-SCAPE* GARDENER *talking to the flowers.*

L. G. When I was a lad at my mother's knee, and drank truth from her lips, as the thirsty traveler from a cool wayside spring, she told me if I lived a pure life, and did that which was right, and spoke the truth from my heart; that if I never spake deceitfully with my tongue, or slandered or wronged my neighbor; that if I felt lowly in my own eyes, and honored those who served God; that if I always kept my word and honor, though I might feel a present loss, if I acted generously by a friend and protected the innocent; that if I loved my country and obeyed her laws, I *should never fall*, I believed her. And when the happy home was made one of mourning, at the death of the husband and the father, and I wept as if my heart would break, I felt a sort of pride at the consciousness that the Lord would give me strength to make my ways perfect, so that I could have power to bind up the widowed heart, and be the head of our house.

And when that other dark hour came, when my native and beloved State, seized with the fury of its closest companions, star-like madly shot from its sphere to make one in the constellation of a new born confederacy, when *the spirit of war* entered our peaceful home, I felt that as one of her sons I must go forth to battle in her cause, my Spartan mother, true to her Southern birth-place, came and blessed me, and gave to me the sword of my ancestor, and bade me (though the apple of her eye, her sole and only treasure,) to go forth and stand by my colors in victory or death, I kissed her; and as I touched her lips I felt *the spirit of War* beat high in my heart, and Hope, that I

might win a splendid name, living or dying, for fame was ever dear to me. I also felt sad at parting with her and the loss of the old Union for which my sires had bled. And when, in the midst of carnage, on the fratricidal field I fell, pierced by a bayonet, and darkness veiled my eyes, and when consciousness returned a Federal soldier held my head tenderly on his knee, and bending over me laved my brow with the last drops of water from his cup, and spoke to me a soldier's cheer, and as half entranced I gazed upon the figure of that soldier, I saw a vision like unto Victory holding the cup of Mercy to the pale lips of Defeat, or the hand of Triumph smoothing the brow of Disaster, until all were made God-like, victor and vanquished, by that love which alone inspires the brave, I thought myself dying, and I felt a resigned sorrow that I never would see again my mother and my dear old home, but die and be buried, unmarked, on that field by that noble Northerner; and when youth and strength triumphed over death, and I once more became a man again, I felt the joy of existence and the delight of gratitude to those who had so generously nursed me as I lay sick like a stranger bird in the nest of a nourishing eagle. But neither the pride of youth or ambition at going forth to war, nor hope of victory or delight at being saved from the jaws of death, or the heavenly sentiments of gratitude, did ere so thrill me with emotions so strange and exquisite as I now feel at the ever-living thought of her who forever and ever must be my heart's proud, peerless dame!

And did I leave *you* (*turning to his flowers*) yesterday with no love in my heart but for you? Each face so fondly dear, each breath so odorously sweet, with countenances so mirthful and life so faithful—each little hungry mouth opened wide to receive its dewy drink, and each heart unfolded to take in the light of God and His beauty; each spray turned toward me as I tended you, and looked freshness and faith after I had given you your morning and

evening bath. Surely He who has given you so much beauty and such dear fragrance must have given you a soul to love sweet sounds, as you show bright colors. Each passing breeze plays upon you as an Æolian harp, stealing the softest music from the soul of fragrance, as Orpheus played upon the lyre strung with the hairs of Apollo. Was it you who blessed me, and taught me the perfect ways of truth, and not I, who was your faithful, loving servant, blessing you? You, my fair palace builders and chaste embroiderers of the earth, must know the secret of my heart, *once* all your own, *now* ready to forsake you *all* for one *unknown*, but one whose beatitude has robbed me of every impulse save to be her adorer. You have in your bright, fragrant folds *little* citizens. What spirit was it first taught poets of your fairy queen and all her tiny train? Can you not conjure her to mount her chariot, and, floating upon waves of music and of light, spread a charm around the spot where my slumbering maid lies bright and beautiful, and keep her *mine forever*? I *know* you hear me, and will aid me.

“The red rose cries, ‘She is near, she is near,’
And the white rose weeps, ‘She is late;’
The larkspur whispers, ‘I hear, I hear,’
And the lily weeps, ‘I wait.’”

No wonder that poets gave to you the power of divine eloquence. The heart of the rose and the soul of the lily are fit orators of thoughts, which can only breathe holy incense and purity. But I grow daft and foolish; I, who am but a poor gentleman, without the profession of either arms or learning, stripped by the decrees of war, of fortune, an exile from the home of my fathers — a patriot without a country. How should I hope to win heaven’s fairest star, or wear upon my bosom earth’s fairest flower? As I cannot mate her, then will I canonize her, and sing vesper songs to her, such as Diana and her chaste sisterhood were wont to hear, not unheeded, when tuned by shepherd’s reed.

Enter MONTROSE, L.

MONTROSE. (*Aside.*) How good and noble he looks. It's he who stands between an heiress and myself. I hate him. (*Aloud.*) Good morning, sir; I fear I trespass on you thus early.

L. G. You are welcome. The early morn should ever bring a welcome for those who watch for her coming. We must be of the same faith who worship at the same altar. How can I serve you, sir?

MONTROSE. Oh, nothing. I only strolled this way to get a glimpse of the morning sun ere he brushed away the dew from his eyes and shone a little too lustily for comfort. Are you the gardener who designed and laid out these grounds?

L. G. I am, sir.

MONTROSE. I have heard your talents praised, and that, too, by the tongue of beauty. Is your employment one of choice?

L. G. Such choice only as fate compels one bred to arms. For me the fortunes of war have indeed changed the sword into a pruning hook.

MONTROSE. You were a soldier, then? May I ask in what army?

L. G. I think my present lot would have answered that question; in the Confederate service. Pray, why do you ask me?

MONTROSE. Oh, a passing curiosity. Sometimes gods have changed the garb of honor for the tunic of a shepherd for the sake of a lady love.

L. G. I have known them to appear as geese.

MONTROSE. I said I came to see the morning; I also had another object. A young lady has found out that a chanticleer is not a nightingale, if he does tune his trumpet to a love song.

L. G. You must speak more plainly, sir. To whom and what do you refer? I never allow myself to play one in

such a dialogue except in open field. If aught that you have said has any application to myself, you must drop metaphor, and talk with plainness.

MONTROSE. To be very plain, then, Miss Roseallen is offended at your boldness, and she regards your love as high fantastical. Neither your presence nor your serenades are agreeable to her.

L. G. Miss Roseallen has sent you with this uncourtly message? That I never can believe.

MONTROSE. Dare you doubt me, then?

L. G. My tongue dares doubt what my heart mistrusts. I fear not to speak my thoughts to heaven and man. I shall discover, in a manner least annoying to the lady, what has inspired so cruel an errand, if your words are true!

MONTROSE. Your words and manner both invite a future meeting. (*Laying his card upon the flower stand.*) I shall have occasion to meet you, my Hector Cincinnatus, my Pan in epaulets; ha! ha! *Exit* MONTROSE, R.

L. G. A parting salute from a cowardly retreat. It's an unwholesome wit that only flashes as it goes out — a charnal lamp that shows ghastly the corruption that reeks within. He has slandered my dove. No such black plume can grow among down so white. Oh, no, I'll not believe him. Poor I may be, but the subject of contempt never. Her heart is, like the stone in the ring of Pyrrhus, vermiculated with all the graces in whose veins run living love, made by a heavenly master. Methinks this false courier has told a wicked lie. Slander was ever the coward's revenge; simple faith and love to God and man are the only true flowers of chivalry. *Exit*, L. C.

Young ladies and their beaux enter, R. C., carrying baskets of provisions, which are stored away by footman, etc.

VIOLET. (*Sitting down.*) What a charming place, and what a delightful day for our *fete*.

CHARLES. And what a happy fate have I, Miss Violet, to throw myself at your feet, Venus and Adonis like.

CLARENCE. Like Leander, I have swam so far that my Hero must now revive me, if she can.

NELLIE. One who could revive you, after having swam in such a sea of glory, must be a hero indeed.

CHARLES. Did you notice that beautiful group of tall trees just as we turned the lane? A thrush, which had been singing as if his heart were bursting with gladness at the freshness of the morning, frightened at our approach, flew buzzing away to the meadow. I never saw such beautiful plumage.

VIOLET. I heard his whir; but I was just then stooping to pick up this beautiful flower. See, it is a wild one, and has such a pretty golden tinge. Wouldn't a bunch of them look nice in my hair? Charles, you must make me a head-dress of them before we go home.

CHARLES. I'm wild enough to be a flower; and would be pleased to be one, if I could live among your tresses.

VIOLET. Yes, you're too wild for my ringlets; and I fear that you are already a hair-brained youth.

CLARENCE. And here are the grounds laid out by the young gardener — the Chevalier de Fluer. They are a poem in many books. He must be a poet, who can produce such a landscape, and a sculptor, who could group such figures. It is as manly as well as a lovely art.

NELLIE. Indeed, they say he is not only a poet, but a minstrel, and carols out his own songs like a skylark, "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." He is not only a skylark, but a nightingale, for he sings both by day and night.

WALTER. He is a genuine troubadour and knight arrant — a blending of Apollo and Mars. They say that he is as brave as he is fine looking.

MARIA. The bravest are ever the gentlest. I wish that he would come down from the skies and have a lark with me.

ARTHUR. Rather say that you should go up to the heavens, being already celestial.

MARIA. Oh, yes, you gentlemen call us heavenly bodies; and so we are, as we only dance round like them to eclipse each other.

VIOLET. See the widower over there making love to Mrs. Cummings! Why, neither of their spouses have been dead six months.

CHARLES. And what's the fun, neither has heard of the single blessedness of the other.

CLARENCE. I thought he was one of the pillars of the church.

CHARLES. Better call him the nave.

MRS. CUMMINGS. Ah! Mr. Bartlett, where is your wife? What would she say if she heard you talking such nonsense to me?

BARTLETT. Oh! madam, (*sighs*) she is now resting in Graceland, and I only think of her as an angel! I am a widower these six months. Poor Clara is now on the shining shore. But, Mrs. Cummings, you were not acquainted with her. Her worth was like your own — *perfectly measureless*. Her beauty now lives in my memory, and is made only the more fresh by mingling the shadows of the tomb with the animated bust of your lovely self! It is I who should say what would your husband say if he knew that you listened with a smile at the avowal of my new born passion? How is he?

MRS. C. Oh! I was dying to have you ask me that question. (*Simpering and coquetting with her fan.*) He's been dead these six months!

(*Enter OLD W., R., who has overheard them, and approaches.*)

JULIA. Why, here's father.

OLD W. (*Taking no notice of JULIA.*) Yes; your loves are both buried; and, what is worse, their places can never be filled. You, Mrs. Cummings, had a husband who doted

on you, and killed himself to make you rich. Well may a man exclaim, under such circumstances, "What shall it profit him if he gain the whole world and make his wife a widow?" And you, too, Albert, had such a wife, so devoted and true. I saw you married, my boy, thirty years ago (*Widower, dressed youthfully, winces*), and I thought I never saw such noble behavior as yours at your wedding; nor did I ever see it equaled till I saw your resigned grief at her funeral. Your deportment upon both occasions was grand. (*Taking BARTLETT by the hand.*) Her place, Albert, can never be filled, never, never, never! (*Weeps.*) Is it not so, Albert?

BARTLETT. Not by *her*, my dear sir; not by *her*.

OLD W. Who in the devil would you have it filled by, then? Oh, I see. (*Punches the widower, with a shy gesture, and retreats.*)

JULIA. Why, pa, you're not going. Stay, and let us make you a punch.

CHARLES. And offer you a cigar.

OLD W. No; I am taking my constitutional, and I wanted to see these grounds just laid out by my old friend Roseallen.

Exit WILLOUGHBY, L.

(*All walk forward to the widow and widower.*)

VIOLET. Now, we want all to pair off for the day. No flirting, you know. Anyone found trespassing on these rules must pay a forfeit. Mr. Bartlett, who will you take? And you, Mrs. Cummings; make your choice. You know, 'tis only for a day.

CHARLES. Stop, stop awhile, says Slow. Put on the pot, etc., etc., etc., and let us sup before we go. Among all these *belles*, let's have the tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell. (*A scamper for the baskets.*)

CLARENCE. "A priest, a shark, an alderman, or a pike?"

NELLIE. Boys, will you have your punch hot or cold?

CHARLES. Thank you; I'll take one cold while the other is heating.

(LIZZIE pours out wine in WALTER's goblet.)

LIZZIE. Here, take a sandwich. They are very nice.

WALTER. "Fill full. Why, this is as it should be. Here is my true realm—among bright eyes and fair. Happy as fair; here sorrow cannot reach."

ARTHUR. Oh, hush your poetry. Let's cease to feed on sighs, to pant on beef. Like Homer's heroes, I never talk while eating.

MARIA. The first business of a picnic is to dine *al fresco*. All compliments seem empty till then.

JULIA. There are more loaves and fishes here than would feed a multitude.

CLARENCE. You must remember, ladies, that we live at a hotel, where the heaviest dinners are but light lunches. The plates are like Indian bull's eyes. It takes a first-class marksman to hit one with his fork. They only play bo-peep with the palate.

WALTER. They always have everything you want—on the "bill of fare;" a good reason, they never part with it. They always keep it. The waiter goes for it, and brings you back a glass of water and faith.

BARTLETT. Yes, in things unseen and untasted.

ARTHUR. (*Pointing to BARTLETT.*) "He never dines with comfort but where he is sure to create a famine."

CHARLES. The guests are the only things seen, dressed in a pepper and salt suit, at the table. The season must season itself. High prices and low diet.

MRS. C. Dr., you know the reason why they ought not to feed you well.

CHARLES. We should not hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt unless we are Jews, and they do not admit them.

CLARENCE. No, unless you wouldn't be hungry enough to come back the next season.

MRS. C. If they fed you like camels, you could not go through the eye of a needle into your bed chambers. The

wing of a nightingale would make your room too small to hold you.

CLARENCE. But, Julia, where's your bean? What, a laggard in love? Let's give him the sack, and cut him with one of his own lancets.

MARIA. Oh, look! Here he comes, Dr. Merrilie, looking superbly. See how dashing he is, and what a coat! Such a male would win any girl.

WALTER. Girls, put up your umbrellas; for look on the Doctor's coat! I fear 'tis going to rain—the doctor's a traveling rainbow.

JULIA. But a reign which will soon end when I catch and string this bean.

ARTHUR. A capital shot with a bow, Miss Julia. You are not only very arch, but a good archer. I quiver all over at a thing so barbarous.

(*Dr. enters, L. c. and bows to all and bows before JULIA.*)

JULIA. Why, Dr. Merrilie; if you are as slow in making sick people well as you are quick in making well people wait for you, I fear your patients will lose all patience with you.

FRANK. My dear ladies and gentlemen, I have been unavoidably detained.

CHARLES. (*Aside.*) That sounds professional.

FRANK. No matter. Where is Miss Kate Spring? I have a message for her.

LIZZIE. Why, she has been moping and as silent as a star, because her summer has not come. She has not said one word. The summer should ever follow the spring.

KATE. We were about to pair off, when Julia and I found we were without our Romeos. And it would be fruitless to make a pair of us (*FRANK offers his arm and bows*), even to hang on such a bough.

FRANK. Since I am Bob Summer's ambassador to this Court of Beauty, I trust I can interest Miss Kate while I show her the heart of my embassy. (*Offers other arm to*

JULIA, and promenades among the roses and flowers, bowing and smirking, and eliciting peals of laughter from all, followed by the rest. [*Footmen gather lunch, etc.*] As each swings to the front and centre of the stage, they say:)

ARTHUR. Why the doctor's the king of the roost.

WALTER. The very center of attraction.

CHARLES. The delight, the glory, the leading star in this galaxy of beauty.

ARTHUR. I declare, I would rather have a first class tailor make one up than Praxitilies. They give a fellow a finer form and a more modern look. Fashion is more to be desired than any of Solomon's musty provender. It is better to have a fashionable suit of clothes than to take a city.

CHARLES. Yes; cities will follow the fashion. It is their habit. An embroidered tunic lost the Amazonian Camilla her life.

VIOLET. Oh, Charles! you're envious. I will get a fairy's coat and put it on you, and then you will be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

CHARLES. Into a dandy sawbones. (*Sarcastically.*) Perhaps you will get the same fairy Puck to lend me Bottom's false face.

VIOLET. (*Archly.*) If I thought you needed it, I might, my jealous Oberon.

CLARENCE. "What! Is the jay more precious than the lark because his feathers are more beautiful?"

ARTHUR. "Or is the adder better than the eel, because her painted skin contents the eye?"

JULIA. (*Fondly.*) Oh! Frank; you look so *debonair*, to-day. I've almost a notion to fall in love with you over again. You are the best dressed gent at Newport. Your coat is really *distingué*. Where did you get it?

FRANK. Ah! Yes, indeed. I assure you I had great difficulty to get it. It puzzled me a good deal to find out a coat that would suit me to come here to-day.

JULIA. I know you are very particular about many things;

but I never knew you to display such good* taste as now. Pa was here to day. I wish we could have prevailed upon him to have remained. I think, if Pa could see you now, he might think you would make something after all.

FRANK. I never felt, until now, how much a man owes to appearances. It is a debt which is never paid, and for which he is never dunned. "The world is still deceived by ornament." But Julia, to look well in your eyes is worth more to me than twenty garments, though they might be as precious as was the cloak of St. Martin. I wish that your pa was here, to see what a fine looking couple we make. (*Promenading from the front to the rear, while the officers enter from the rear of the stage.*)

Enter BAILIFFS, REAR C.

1ST BAILIFF. (*Wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.*) Faith, Davy, that was a run, and not to make him out after all. But we'll nail him yet.

2D BAILIFF. But are you sure it was *him*, after all?

1ST BAILIFF. Oh! perfectly; I cannot be mistaken. It is the coat beyond a manner of doubt; and of course it is the man, too. See, he came out of the house that we were directed to.

2D BAILIFF. Shall we nab him now? Let's put a slug through his wings. Little does he know that we are watching him. Do you think he'll run?

1ST BAILIFF. No; wait a bit; not too soon, or he might take to his trotters. You don't know how a man can run with a writ at his heels. I've seen great fat ould chaps, that ye would n't have thought could run a yard, fly like the wind before a "Whereas."

(*FRANK and his party, who have been sauntering among the vases of flowers in the rear of the stage, come forward. The BAILIFF steps back, and, as he passes, tips him on the shoulder. FRANK turns round indignantly, with the ladies hanging upon his arm.*)

FRANK. What do you mean, sir ? (*Only reply, knowing wink and wag of the forefinger, which meant, Come here, my friend, and I'll tell you.*) Get along with you, sir.

1ST BAILIFF. (*Sarcastically.*) Thank you; but I won't.

FRANK. No; then what in the dèuce do you want ?

1ST BAILIFF. You; but you had better behave yourself, for your own sake.

FRANK. (*Sarcastically.*) Do tell me what you mean !

1ST BAILIFF. Do you know such a man as Filby, the tailor ? Do you know Filby the tailor ?

FRANK. I know him to be the most fashionable tailor in the city; but, as I never had any dealings with him, of course I can owe him nothing. (*FRANK attempts to pass on with the ladies.*)

1ST BAILIFF. Not so fast, friend, (*slapping FRANK upon the shoulder less ceremoniously,*) you're my prisoner; and here's my authority, (*pulling out a crumpled piece of paper, an execution against BOB.*) Although you do not know Filby, I happen to know Filby's coat. The short and the long of the matter is, sir, that I want you, at the instance of J. Filby, tailor and clothier, for debt of \$65, with interest and expenses, said debt being the price of the identical coat which you have now upon your back. So come along quietly, or it may be the worse for you.

FRANK. (*Aside, and leaving the ladies and walking to the front of the stage; gents make gestures of fun and delight, etc.*) Yes, I see it all. I see how the case stands. Poor Bob has never paid for this flashy thing in which I am arrayed, and these dogs of the law intend these honors for him; and as I have won the *glory*, I must be content to bear the defeat. I am here in a dilemma ! A regular scrape. I must either acknowledge, in the presence of these gentlemen and fair ones, that the coat which I wear, and which has procured me so much admiration, and so many compliments, is a borrowed one, or quietly submit to being dragged from Julia to jail, as the true debtor. But

I have no more fancy for incarceration than the prisoner of Chillon, or of old Adam, to be turned out of his picnic grounds. I must make the best of it. (*Sighing.*) I must own the distressing fact that this indigo-tinted thing is a borrowed one, and then, not being its true owner, I shall be free from the attentions of these hounds. (*Walks towards the company and officers.*) I have, friends, a humiliating truth to confess. This coat, which has excited your admiration, and given me a false claim to your favor, is not mine. It is a borrowed one. My wings were but wax, and the fire of these luminaries of the law has melted them, and I must tumble from my eminence. Let me ask your forbearance, and pray do not laugh at my mishap, and as the shirtless man, when found, was found to be the happiest, perhaps because he did not live in a borrowed one, so may I hope for content, if you will only forbear from jesting at a coatless brother. Will any gentleman lend me his duster?

ARTHUR. O! Julia, lend him your shawl, now that his fine feathers are gone; he will surely catch cold.

(*JULIA goes to him and affectionately hangs on his arm.*)

CHARLES. (*Shaking hands with him.*) That's the best plaster that you can have. A pretty girl's sympathy when you're down.

1ST BAILIFF. Young man, this may only be a stiff; a boggy. You can't prove an *alibi* in that way. Go down with me to "Justice Bull" and clear it up, and then you may save your carcass, although you have lost your skin.

(*FRANK indignantly attempts to push the officer aside.*)

1ST BAILIFF. (*Pulling out his handcuffs and clicking them.*) You had better bid the party a graceful good bye, and come along like a decent well-behaved tramp.

CLARENCE. We all liked the cut of the coat. Its tail, however, has an exceeding small ending. Young Asafœtida must now assist at his own dissection.

(*FRANK and JULIA go, and all follow.*)

CLARENCE. (*Lingers.*)

"Sure this gay, fresh coat, as seems to me,
Hangs like green ivy on a rotten tree."

Exeunt, L.

Stage darkened, and while a minor-toned bell strikes slowly the hour of ten the moon slowly rises, music low and tremulous. Balcony, Rivulet, Bridge, and Bower, flooded with moonlight.

MISS ROSEALLEN *enters* Balcony.

MATILDA. The moon rides at its highest splendor to-night, and lights up all the gloom in yonder wood. What strange, fantastic shapes of embroidery the moonbeams make in the interlacing boughs and leaves. See yonder chilly water lilies. What silver light their faces throw on that dark Norway pine that overhangs the rivulet edge. The stars have all disappeared, or show like creamy flakes of silver spray. Now all is quietness. Not a leaf stirs. The winds do make no noise, and all is overflown with silence and with fragrance. Now comes trooping into my mind its own secret thoughts—the beloved stranger. My spirits are so subdued to his love that on such a night as this, with such a scene, I am almost melted to tears—foolish ones, no doubt, but unbidden they spring, making me feel as tender as looks this landscape. If mystic chords of sympathy can hold two souls, I think this night's beauty and stillness would weave them between my heart and its idol, and bring him to me. The genii of solitude could give to this garden no nobler form of statuary.

(*L. G.'s Serenade is heard from the lady's bower.*)

MATILDA. Good heavens! what can this mean? (*Pauses till after the serenade.*) Music ever moved me, but this steals into my ears with a flood of melody so divine that I am almost faint with rapture.

Enter L. G. from Bower.

L. G. Did Surprise ever yet show so beautiful? She looks like classic alabaster, or "Daphne root bound as she fled Apollo." Methinks her upturned face doth give new beauty to the moon and lights her palor into smiles. But list! she speaks, and Silence holds her breath to catch the perfumed sounds.

MATILDA. What stranger can you be who comes here with song and with instrument? These are private grounds, and my father would be displeased if he found one such as you seeking at such an hour the groves and walks of this garden, instead of asking the hospitalities of the hall.

L. G. A friendless man, without a country, must always be a stranger to the great. Your father entertains more silken knights.

MATILDA. I am too curious. I believe I know you. Are you not the gentleman who but yesterday surprised me sleeping in my bower? You are now a gardener, and, if fame speaks truly, you were once a brave soldier in a lost cause. Why do you forsake the noble profession of arms to take up an occupation that the world accounts so lowly, if not unmanly? You play the troubadour and the nightingale when you should act the hero and the eagle.

L. G. I cannot practice the profession of arms or follow any learned calling suited to my taste. An iron-clad oath has chained me to the rock, Prometheus-like, denying to me, like him, the herb and bread that could be won by intellectual toil in court or martial field. Yet, sweet lady, call not my calling womanly, nor think meanly of its servant. Next to him who strikes for liberty and right, he who distills from bogs and fens, beauty, fragrance and food for all earth's children, most likens him who made each tree and everything that grows upon its bosom.

MATILDA. Yet the country clown and boor make rich earth's soil to get earth's increase.

L. G. Yes, but with an idle mind and an unfashioning

hand. The golden corn and wheat, trained into graceful rows, show beauty, but beauty that dies with the harvest. I seek to carve out of the rugged and most waste places of nature pictures as beautiful as poets' dream or artist's gem, that God may be glorified in all His works, and my brother man made nearer to Him. Homer, Milton, and the sweet Bard of Avon drew pictures of great things in heaven, earth and hell—gods and demigods, giants, Titans, and demons, and fashioned them after their own desiring phantasy. These bloom immortal in the lofty verse. Claude, Turner, Church throw on the canvas landscapes that are pictures of Paradise, illumined by the light of heaven. So I (think it not profanity), though lower than these giants of our race, draw pictures on the homely parts of nature—if any aught can be—and God's own sunlight, dew, and air paint them with all the splendor of the bow, to smile immortal, yet forever changing, midst a shower of melody.

MATILDA. You paint a landscape made musical with birds for man's delight, making nature at once a workshop and a temple. I feel your work is noble.

L. G. Thanks, lady. *This* shall be my richest recompense. I came not here to-night led by the merest curiosity; nor yet did love's hand lead me, though here I wished to come; but a mission most important. Do you know and did you request Colonel Montrose to carry me the wounding message that my passion's song, offered thee, had given thee offense? A man so calling himself, did so inform me.

MATILDA. It is a cunningly-devised fable, invented by one whom I never admired, and can never more respect.

L. G. How dare the villain play upon me and misuse you, the gentlest of your sex! May I be so bold as to ask permission to chastise the cozening knave?

MATILDA. Be not too hasty, sir; and remember that your superior strength and stature must ever hold him cheap as an antagonist, as has his base falsehood made him unworthy

of your regard as a gentleman. Besides, I fear my imprudence. I know it is neither maidenly or customary for one of my sex to hold such converse with an unaccredited gallant. Seek my father. Your face, manners, education, and birth give you more recommendation than a thousand conventional introductions. Though bred to commerce, yet his parentage is good, and he has sense and independence, not only to discover merit, but with it to make friends. The finer points of war, statesmanship, and generous commerce are the noble things which give men fame. I think I am content to be devoted, pure and chaste, to love my husband, care for my children, and make my home the dearest place for all. These in womanhood rival the victor's crown or the poet's laurel. You know the brave are bold, and love makes cowards brave. Then go straightway to my father, and to that father's love will I intrust our fate.

L. G. Mounted on such wings could I face the sun himself,
And ask him for the brightest daughter
Who lives upon his light.

MATILDA. Good night. May my father's face shine upon you
As night's tapers do on us to-night.
I fear I shall be angry with myself
For giving you this entertainment.

L. G. Say rather that you will be offended at me
For being over bold.

MATILDA. What if I should frown.

L. G. I fear not beauty's scorn, though dealt by thee.
My fondness may offend thee.
Urged by noble love, I dare support thy frown;
For Heaven is kind, forgiving, like her of old,
Before her Master knelt, and loved him much,
For much had been forgiven.
So thou, angel of love, let fall a tear,
And I, forgiven, will nurse that tear, a pearl
To purchase heaven!

MATILDA. If pearls could be brewed so easily,
I fear a necklace might be worn on every maid.
Your sin was forgiven in my heart, ere my tongue
Could pronounce the absolution.

Fair sir, good-night! It's late, and I must to bed—
 Yet sing once more, while my prayers are being said.

MATILDA *partly retires.*

L. G. Methinks as I look upon this breathing sculpture,
 Whose radiant whiteness is o'er-canopied
 With blue and gold, this garden is enchanted.

(LANDSCAPE GARDENER *retires to the bower and sings while the
 curtain falls.*)²

END OF ACT II. ■

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Part of Roseallen's Garden. Billiard Table on lawn.*

OLD WILLOUGHBY. Bob, why don't you go yachting? I see you are rigged for the sport.

BOB. Well, I'm studying to be an admiralty lawyer, and I play billiards, so as to calculate the angles of approach in collision cases, by navigating balls so that they will collide upon green baize. Hard study—"sermons in stones" and a treatise on collision in every carom game.

Enter CHARLES, GENTS, LADIES and BAILIFFS, etc., L. C.

CHARLES. Bob, my dear boy, we heard you were here, and we came over to return to you this cerulian bobtail, with a slight responsibility attached to the same. The doctor says it is not good blue glass, and has given him an ague fit.

FRANK. I fear, Summer, that I borrowed trouble when I borrowed your jacket. The officers here have me in dur-
ance vile.

BOB. My Dear Frank, you have n't borrowed the tronble, it's all your own. Thank you. You may return the coat, but keep the tronble, my dear fellow, and prescribe it for Mr. Willoughby for the gout. Trouble is a sure cure for that sort of a thing; eh! Mr. Willoughby? Hang it! I bought this coat for an easy-setting pleasure garment, and it turns out to be good only for a traveling coat.

1ST BAILIFF. Are you the owner of this coat, and the defendant in this writ? If so, please take your cue and settle up, or take the fate intended for this poor gent.

BOB. Hold on, my caitiff tip-staff. Walk softly and speak low, for here is a first class case of false imprison-

ment, trespass *vi et armis*. Merrilie, my friend, you have a merry suit made out of this very blue coat. Heavy and exorbitant damages, vindictive and curative. Egad! I needed business, and who would have thought of putting Frank upon my hook as a fly? Why, Frank, I'll set you again. You're a nest egg, and deserve an ovation. Don't you want my breeches? Wouldn't you like to invest in my vest, hey? (*Turning to the officers.*) Look here, my body-snatchers, you have unlawfully abridged the liberty of one of the sons of the sovereign State of New York! One of the brightest luminaries that was ever a dead shot with physic, or killed a man *secundum artem* by giving him a prescription to die in a dead language! You had better emetic yourselves out of the window there, and escape his diagnosis, than to be ejected down stairs in a fit of convulsions. Vile minions of Jack Ketch, I will for once be magnanimous. I will use my own funds in paying the damages you owe. I will pay to the plaintiff in this case (*pointing to FRANK,*) the amount of this execution out of my own pocket, in liquidation, (to be taken out in liquor,) of the damages you owe him, and call it square. Frank, don't blush at my generosity.

1ST BAILIFF. That won't do young scarecrow; that won't go down. You can't play bugaboo with us. It don't pay the tailor's bill. (*Attempts to arrest Bob, who, retreating around the billiard table, passes into the arms of BAILIFF No. 2.*) We'll have you or the money.

BOB. My accounts seem to be in arrear. (*Looking a little more seriously at KATE, and looking at the handcuffs.*) Is this what you call "a Newport tie?" Will you take bail?

BAILIFF. Yes; if it is good.

BOB. What say you to the coat itself? It won't turn tail and run away, even in a case of running account.

BAILIFF. (*Preparing to lead BOB off.*) Pay up, or give good bonds. We have wasted time enough already.

BOB. See here, Mr. Willoughby, would you like *very* much to give security to these outflyers of the ninth part of a man like you ?

WILLOUGHBY. I never lend to spendthrifts, young man, or go their security, which in the end amounts the same thing.

BOB. Mr. Willoughby, my father and you were old friends and schoolmates. He followed the profession of law, and, as a consequence, worked hard, lived well and died poor. You, that of a merchant, and, what is better than all, you can exclaim with Daniel Webster, (and you resemble him very much in that *one* particular,) you may exclaim, "I yet live." When you two, my father and you, were young bachelors, and both neck and neck, no doubt, in life's course as you were heart and heart in friendship, you employed him as your counsellor. Well, as my father left me the profession, but no practice, I was looking over his papers to see if, out of the ashes of his business, (ashes, I trust, that have no *lye* in them, as have most lawyer's cases,) I found an old package of papers, tied up with a blue ribbon, and marked on his docket 9,999, although he had only been in practice then two months. The case of Cyclops *vs.* Willoughby. (*Willoughby startles.*) Miss Xantippe Cyclops, a spinster of thirty-five ! Case, "Breach of Promise to Marry." Blue ribbon held love letters from a youth of twenty-two, now resembling Miss Julia's father. The package also held their pictures, done in group—stately old she-biddy, verdant young coxcomb.

WILLOUGHBY. Speak a little lower, please.

BOB. Well, in looking over the entries, I found that your lawyer made no charge to his dear friend, and I don't see anywhere that the case has ever been settled. I am at great pains to look it up, and have it restored to the docket, for I am sure, from a perusal of the letters, and considering the over mellow ripeness of the plaintiff, and the youth and inexperience of the defendant at the time, you have a first-

class defense upon the merits. You are in the right, my dear friend, and, for the sake of that friendship my father ever bore you, I'll make a speech which will put the eye out of that venerable Cyclops, and pull the wool over the eyes of the jury, so that you will escape just as that shrewd dog Ulyses did, by the aid of wool and lying, from the cave of her horrid old ancestor. Let me state the case to Charles and Julia, here; they have first rate sense. Look on this picture, and then on this! Tragic and grand. (*Old Willoughby tries to shut his mouth.*)

OLD WILLOUGHBY. Umph! I'll settle this matter, Mr. Bailiff. I'll call over to see the tailor. (*BAILIFFS retire L.*)

BOB. And invite the company to a case *Chatteau Margaux* at your own snug cottage.

WILLOUGHBY. Why, yes. (*Aside.*) But no more of Xantippe Cyclops.

BOB. No; as I have opened your eye, I'll close hers forever.

Exeunt all, R. BOB offers KATE his arm and sings, chaffing OLD WILLOUGHBY,

"Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir."

(*Removes Billiard Table.*)

Enter BERTHA and COL. MONTROSE, L. C.

MONTROSE. The news you tell me startles and concerns me. I fear while I hesitate the bird will have mated and flown forever beyond my reach. This is certainly serious. I hope my visit to him was well timed, and will make him shy.

BERTHA. When you informed me that it was the young Southerner, I made up my mind, from all that I could hear and learn about him, that he would be a most dangerous rival. There is enough of mystery and merit about him both to excite the imagination of a young girl and to awaken her admiration. There is a dash about him of the soldier

and the courtier; and then his tenderness for his mother, his care of her, and his love for the beautiful; his love songs sung with a voice of superb fullness; every one of which, to a pure minded maiden like Matilda, will fly to the heart like Cupid's best arrow with the golden head; and I fear that her fancy will make a hero out of a two-legged animal, who has no other merit than that of being an amiable pauper.

MONTROSE. But what did Matilda say?

BERTHA. Oh, she extolled him to the sky, and was sure that he was a gentleman, whose birth and fortune was far above his present condition. She thought his manners were those of a prince, although she never spoke to him or heard him speak; so quick does admiration give character to those whom we regard.

MONTROSE. Well, one thing's plain—there is no time to lose. You must help me. Arrange this evening or next to get Matilda away from her father's hall into the garden near to the bridge, and I'll arrange the rest.

BERTHA. Oh, dear! You don't mean to do anything wrong? You dare not go to extremes, or attempt to carry her off. No, no, Colonel; I will do all that I can to get her for you, but it *must* be done by coaxing and persuasion, and not by violence. I fear that I have gone too far already. Let's drop the matter.

MONTROSE. Hark, you! I will not be trifled with. I mean the wench no harm. I wish only to get her alone; and then if tears and prayers avail nothing, release her, beseeching her to forget me. I know that we can calculate upon her delicacy and generosity; and if she believes that I have sinned through excess of love, I am sure she will forgive me, if she neither pities or loves me. Do as I bid you, or I will ruin you and kill myself.

BERTHA. Good heavens! say no more. I'll do it; but you must not harm a hair of her head. She is so gentle and good that I cannot see her wronged.

MONTROSE. I promise, on my honor.

BERTHA. Well, to-night or to-morrow night I will go upon an errand for Matilda, to find out about this strange bird of hers, and I will ask her to watch me, as I am somewhat timid. When upon the bridge, I will trip and fall. I know she will come to my assistance; and then while there you can detain her, and speak to her, if you must. You don't mean to say that you have seen him, and talked to him about Matilda? What did he say?

MONTROSE. I threatened him. I found him as quick as Mars. I fear that he will pester me, with his cursed notions of chivalry and code of the duello.

BERTHA. Blood mixed with choler is said to be the best. But I should be so glad to hear more; but see, here comes Matilda! and you must leave me.

Exit COL. MONTROSE, R.

Enter MATILDA, from the bower, carrying a bouquet.

MATILDA. See, Bertha, what a beautiful nosegay! Is it not charming? See how it is arranged! It is a love letter written in flowers, and says so many pretty things. I found it in my wood bower, just as we were starting for the bath. Who could have been thoughtful enough to have left it for me?

BERTHA. He who watches a maid while sleeping might bring her flowers to beguile her waking moments. I am afraid your invisible knight has left marks written in Flora's colors. I promised you, my lady, I would find him out; and so I will seek out his hiding place, and bring you all the intelligence I can of him. 'Til then curiosity must sleep in your heart, as sleeps the owl by moonlight—that is not at all.

MATILDA. Bertha, you were ever kind; but never before did I feel your kindness as now. Here comes the horses and Mr. Vanderpelt. I must go join him and pa; they are waiting for me to take me to the beach. [*Exit BERTHA, L.*] Bertha! (*Calling her back.*) Perhaps we had better make

no farther inquiries — they might be misunderstood; and if he should hear of them, might give him offense.

BERTHA. Well, miss, just as you choose. (*Aside.*) I fear she has learned enough already. (*Aloud.*) But still I must go and meet my messenger, and instruct him not to concern himself farther upon the subject.

MATILDA. There, pa's calling. Go, Bertha.

Exeunt, BERTHA, L., MATILDA, R.

Enter BOB SUMMER and KATE, REAR C., across the bridge.

KATE. I do declare, Robert, you have given me quite a chase (*holding a bouquet of wild grasses and water lilies*), and I am quite out of breath; and you came near drowning your Kate.

BOB. Kate, you lost your breath! Why, dearest, I will replevy it from the violets and sweet-scented flowers. If I can't recover it the fields will smell sweeter than ever. And as for drowning you, Kate Spring, how could a babbling Spring be hushed in water? Your jets (*caressing her hair*) will float in the air long after these wild grasses will be as tame as your lover.

KATE. They (*looking at the grasses*) will bear wild oats forever, then. Why, here we are on the Landscape Gardener's grounds. It's a splendid place to make love.

BOB. "Love thoughts be rich when canopied with bowers."

KATE. I want you to answer me one question. Do you think Miss Roseallen so very, very beautiful?

BOB. Why, no, Kate; and yet we must confess her loveliness. "But what care I how fair she be." Kate alone is my nonpareil. Why do you ask me?

KATE. Because I heard you on the yacht say something to her that almost meant so—about Venus, and the sea, and some nonsense. (*Laughs.*) What did you mean when you drove old Mr. Willoughby away from Frank and Julia by singing that horrid song just as you were drinking your claret?

BOB. (*Sings:*)

"Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes!
And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir!"

Oh, that was to give a chance to the Doctor to feel Julia's pulse without giving the old gent an opportunity to tell Frank that Julia had entirely recovered, and that he might discontinue his visits. That's all. Ha! ha!

KATE. You do plague the old gent's life almost out of him. Yet he seems to like you. But everybody likes you, Robert. Do you really love me?

BOB. Why do you dun me? It is the only suit (*laughing*) for which I was ever able to pay with all my heart. Here (*pointing to his heart*) my wealth *is* fabulous. The tenant is always a rich lodger, while the lower apartments I confess are sometimes empty.

KATE. But the attic (*patting his head*) is filled with salt.

BOB. A salt, I trust, Kate, that will soon cure me of all my follies. I am almost sad when I think of my penury; but my craft is young, and I crowd on all sail to get clear as soon as possible of the fog of poverty to schoon in an open, clear sea, laden with a full freight of honest learning.

KATE. When the head and heart's right, dear Robert—

BOB. Our heels will always carry us to green pastures, and beside still waters.

(BOB *makes motions to go, and then fools KATE, who follows him up.*)

KATE. For whither thou goest I will go. * * * Thy people shall be my people. * * * Where thou diest—

BOB. Hush; you make me nervous. I always thought Ruth meant that as a threat. It gives a fellow no chance for a Utah divorce.

KATE. Robert, it is getting late. If we're going to look in at Mrs. Cummings', we must get along.

BOB. Kate, come here and see the evening star. It has just peeped out through its rosy veil. See, it looks like a diamond distilled from the blushes of twilight. (BOB *looks down on her face as she looks up.*) Darling, the dew is falling on the roses and these tulips. (*Kissing her.*)

KATE. (*Breaking from him, and wiping her mouth as if she liked it.*) Yes, Bob; you made me see more stars than one. *She runs off, L., and he follows.*

Enter BERTHA, L. C.

BERTHA. It is now time that Matilda should leave the parlor. Here she comes. [*Enter MATILDA, R.*] It is now the hour that I promised the messenger that I would visit him, to learn from him the history of your hero. It is time I should go, Matilda.

MATILDA. I only wish I could attend you; the night is so very beautiful, and I am so nervous when I am alone. The wind is gentle, and the halo around the moon gives her a softer aspect than last night's splendor.

BERTHA. I, too, am timid; yet for your dear sake would I walk through more perils than grasshoppers and crickets can surround me.

MATILDA. Well, Bertha, if I can't be your companion, I'll remain here at my lattice till you return.

BERTHA. I fear that since you have found so much mystery and interest in the garden, you prefer it to the dancing hall. Remember, my lady, our first mother found but little good in listening to a tempter in the garden. Forbidden fruit costs us dear.

MATILDA. I have found more snakes in the drawing-room than could people an Eden such as this.

BERTHA. We'll go in, young lady, and I will start on my gossiping errand.

(MATILDA *goes to the lattice and waves her handkerchief.*)

at BERTHA, who goes toward the bridge and crosses its planks, slowly.)

MATILDA. I fear dear Bertha may fall. It is the first time that she has ever ventured across the bridge at night, and its planks are very treacherous.

(BERTHA stumbles and falls. MATILDA rushes to her support, and, while bending over her, MATILDA is seized by MONTROSE, disguised, with confederates. She gives a slight shriek, and faints, and is hurried along by MONTROSE, unconscious. The governess gets up and scampers off. As MONTROSE bears MATILDA from the bridge and across the stage, L. G. strikes him to the earth; he holds her in one arm, and with the other strikes another rough. One rough strikes the L. G. with a club, and then flees into the thicket.)

L. G. A knavish piece of work; but it failed. Lady, how is it with you?

MATILDA. Oh, nothing. You have done nothing in saving me if poor Bertha lies drowned in the brook; and that blood that flows down your face may be the dear price of my safety. (MATILDA starts up to save her friend.)

L. G. Content yourself, fair lady; my wound is but a scratch. And as for your companion, I saw her rise without assistance, and with a spry foot return to the house, far more sprightly than when she wiled you over the bridge.

MATILDA. (Recognizes the L. G., and withdraws herself entirely from him.) Oh, mercy! you here, and my deliverer! What must I do? We cannot tarry here longer together. Bertha will report my danger to my father and his guests, and they will soon be in pursuit of me. And what would they say to find us together? Have you sought my father?

L. G. Not yet. I called at his door; but when I thought of what answer I would make to his question, what brought me to him, I blushed to think of what my heart would bid

my tongue tell him. It was not shame, but pride, that made me blush. I could not bear to tell my story, with a beggar's portion. He might misunderstand me.

MATILDA. We must be strangers, then. Farewell!

(MATILDA leaves him, and he retires through wood bower.
BERTHA returns to her mistress.)

MATILDA. Sore stunned you must have been, good Bertha, when you saw not my peril. Surely, it is impossible. Did you not see your own Matilda carried off by men? Yet why do I put that question? Surely it is sufficient to satisfy me that my dear friend was insensible and ignorant of my fate, when she has failed to rouse my father to my rescue.

BERTHA. Carried away by men, darling, and I ignorant of the base treachery! Oh, Matilda, I am petrified! Where were you carried to, and who are the ruffians? Knew you anything of them? Doubtless of the gardener's "ku-klux" knights in disguise. Speak, love, and relieve the beating heart of your old friend.

MATILDA. Oh, no. Bertha, lead me to this seat, and I will tell you all. It was indeed he who rescued me; he whose angelic countenance has so long hovered over me in my hours of retirement and in my dreams. You know he first saw me sleeping in my bower. Since then his face has got into my mind by the power of its beauty. Oh, how true I cherished it as the face of the beautiful hero of my histories; often limed it on the air by the fragrant pencil of my fancy; dreamed of it and wept, as the light of day chased away the beloved form, and left me only in its place the things of ordinary life—the countenances of the smart beaux of Newport.

BERTHA. A lucky knight, my lady, who timely shows his head at a lady's bower, and as timely saves her from the hands of kidnapers.

MATILDA. Oh, do not speak so of him. He is humble, and knows as well as I that we can never be united. I'll never see him more. Would that I had never seen him, or that I were fated to see him ever.

BERTHA. (*Suspiciously.*) Have you no suspicion who the treacherous caitiffs were who would steal my darling?

MATILDA. None whatever. But, Bertha, my best and truest friend, you must endeavor to learn for me some intelligence of my deliverer; for though he can never stand in any other relation to me, I would wish to know more of one whose image I treasure up in my heart, even as the miser does the number which forms the index of his wealth. The widow loves the grave of her departed husband, and bedews it with tears, and carries away with her again the image of him she leaves to the worms. He is to me as the entombed lover. Life and death are not more distant than the pride of the Roseallens and the humility of the poor; but his name may become as the graven letters of the monumental stone—I may weep over ~~them~~. *J*

BERTHA. I fear that I have made a poor scout. Once I failed in my commission, and a watery grave had nearly been my reward. Take my advice, and seek him out no farther. If it is ordained that you should forget him, you should banish him from your mind. Think of him no more than you would the bird that whirs past you into the wood, that has a pretty feather in its tail.

MATILDA. Oh, Bertha, that ignorance will not be bliss to me; but I must hasten to ma, and tell her of the danger and escape.

BERTHA. Yes; and of the handsome rescuer. But here she comes.

Enter MRS. ROSEALLEN.

MRS. ROSEALLEN. Why, Matilda, I have been in search of you. Where could you have been? My dear, the night

air, I fear, will give you cold. We missed you from the parlor. Your father has just received a note that Mr. Vanderpelt will breakfast with us in the morning, and will expect you to be one at the table, as he has something particular to say to you, which something your pa and ma both hope will be received by you with all graciousness. Come, child, why do you tremble? You are nervous. Bertha, please see Miss Roseallen to her bed. Bertha, she has fainted!

Enter BOB SUMMER and KATE, L.

Tableau!

BERTHA. MATILDA. MOTHER.

KATE.

SUMMER.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Parlor. Evening dancing party. Present, OLD WILLOUGHBY, BARTLETT, FRANK MERRILIE, BOB SUMMER, CLARENCE, ARTHUR, CHARLES, WALTER, JULIA, KATE, VIOLET, et al.*

CHARLES. Mr. Willoughby, when we dance or sing, or you or Bob Summers says something that's good, may we laugh?

WILLOUGHBY. I know it ain't respectable to laugh. They don't do that sort of a thing at Newport. Fashionable people only raise their eyebrows, and smile with their eyelids, and shrug their shoulders. Egad! my wife made me practice it half an hour a day for a month.

BOB. When Mr. Willoughby cracks a joke we can't help it. Plea, duress; verdict, couldn't be helped, it was so funny.

CLARENCE. There used to be a grinning club in London, in Queen Anne's time; but that died of the blues in our own.

ARTHUR. What would Newport say if it heard that we had laughed in society?

CHARLES. Or that we had said a witty thing?

FRANK. Or saved a man's life without first inquiring whether he wore a coat of arms, on the crest of the wave?

WALTER. What did you say, doctor, about a *coat* of—what?

BARTLETT. A mere slip of the tongue. "No more of that, Hal, as thou love'st me," doctor!

JULIA. The truth is, our party is so small that I think we can trust them with their own secret. We may be rustic for a summer's eve.

VIOLET. Why, when I first came here I thought ma had

brought me to see the tombs of Egypt. Every house was as silent as the grave.

MARIA. And one don't get a ghost of a chance to enter, unless he, she or it is as rich as Mr. Vanderpelt. Like a first-class theatre, you *must* pay at the door for admittance.

NELLIE. Or be as impertinent as Bob Summer.

MRS. CUMMINGS. Young ladies, if it were ever known that two or more persons were gathered together here for a dance, without an invite on perfumed satin, dated at least ten days previously, delivered by a powdered footman, drawn by a coachman with ——

BOB. A whitewashed fence on both sides of his chops, a black band around his hat, like Mr. Mould, with a tiger whose legs look like bull-frogs, and eyes like hobby-horses ——

CLARENCE. The glory of the Willoughby star in the firmament of fashion would go out like a Fourth of July balloon.

ARTHUR. It was only by a lucky accident that a distinguished family, returned from France, obtained an *entré* into good society, a few seasons ago.

BOB. Which lucky accident was no other than their thoroughbreds running away; their coachman was killed. This established at once the mettle of the horses and the family.

FRANK. The only unlucky thing about the affair was, that although I ran a mile, to be the first to get the subject, the poor fellow was dead ere I could feel his pulse.

WALTER. But, doctor, what did your friends say to see you running after a runaway?

JULIA. The doctor was *incog.* — he was afoot. No one is ever recognised at Newport afoot.

SERVANTS *enter with wine.*

CHARLES. The ruby laughing in this wine is not redder, or sparkles less to me, than your lips. (*Speaking to Violet.*)

VIOLET. Yet, unlike my lips, it will give you words of folly.

BOB. I always follow the advice of Sir William Temple. The first glass for myself, the second for my friend, the third for good humor, and the fourth for my enemies.

KATE. I am afraid that you oftener sacrifice yourself to your enemies than toast yourself or friends. I am not yet convinced that the fourth bowl did not keep you away from the picnic.

BOB. Oh, no, dear Kate. I was on horseback, composing before breakfast my great play of Newport, in six acts.

CLARENCE. (*Aside.*) Bob doesn't usually get his breakfast 'til some one asks him out to dine.

LIZZIE. But how could you compose so heavy a play on so light a stomach?

BOB. Easily done, my fair satirist. You summon the *modisté*!

KATE. How charming!

BOB. The milliner!

VIOLET. A lovely idea!

BOB. The tailor!

ARTHUR. A jolly suggestion!

BOB. The upholsterer!

OLD W. Satin and gilt. Farewell, the buskined stage.

BOB. The artist!

BARTLETT. An inspiration!

BOB. The Florist!

MRS. C. Nosegays and night-blooming cereus.

BOB. The musician!

CLARENCE. Drums and fiddlesticks.

BOB. And then consult the old masters for a tableau to finish up each act. (*All, encore, encore.*) And if the plot is as dull as the times, and the wit as flat and dark as the poles, your play is a success.

FRANK M. It requires one thing more, Bob. Like the wine we drink, it must be of foreign importation, and the

older the vice, like the wine, the more it is prized. There are play tipplers as well as wine tipplers.

NELLIE. I was told, by a lady of fashion, that we misses were only expected to laugh at what we had been taught to blush, and only to blush at finding ourselves too modest to laugh.

JULIA. Fashion tells us only to smile at vice. A hearty laugh at an innocent jest is the worst kind of ill-breeding. For my part, I shall always prefer those plays which set my mind to a merry music, by which I can find a good partner in truth and morality. They may not waltz so brilliantly, but then they give a pink to the cheek, which is the blush of innocence and health, and not that of vice and excitement.

WALTER. Gentlemen, let's try one of those moral waltzes.

(Bow to their mates, and swing off to the Newport waltz, with figures, music and dance composed for the play. Servant enters and announces to Mr. WILLOUGHBY that Miss ROSEALLEN has been kidnaped near the grounds.)

OLD WILLOUGHBY. Gentlemen, what news is this? Great Heavens! The groom says that Col. Montrose is killed, Bertha drowned, the gardener wounded, and Miss Roseallen kidnaped; that the Colonel now lies on the lawn.

(All make for the lawn.) Exeunt.

Enter Mr. VANDERPELT and Miss ROSEALLEN, R.

MR. VANDERPELT. Indeed, you surprise me, Miss Roseallen. Those nearest you gave me to understand that your heart was perfectly free, and your hand wholly disengaged. It was my hope to make you the head of my establishment. An establishment as well appointed as the richest in the land. Instead of asking a dowry from your father, it was my intention to present my wife, on her wedding day, with a mansion house and all of its contents, together with as fine a turnout as was ever stabled in our city, to go and

come when and where she pleased; added to this a private allowance of ten thousand —

MATILDA. Pray, Mr. Vanderpelt, spare me these details. They cannot possibly interest me. They may your wife, upon her wedding day.

VANDERPELT. Perhaps my plainness and directness may offend you; but, Miss Roseallen, I am a business man, with all the words imply. A clear proposition, direct and to the purpose, is one of the first accomplishments of a good merchant. I think this ought to hold good in the affairs of love, as well as those of business.

MATILDA. Mr. Vanderpelt, I am perfectly conscious of the honor you intended me, and I hope I am sufficiently flattered and grateful. I respect your character, and am not surprised at your wealth.

VANDERPELT. Yes, my credit is A No. 1, and my house is very solvent. May I consider that you will turn the matter over in your mind, and let me hear from you by due course of mail, or shall I wait for a reply from yourself in person?

MATILDA. I think I have been sufficiently explicit. I may say, out of the respect to my dear parents' wishes, that I believe all your wares to be solid and in demand. (*Laughing.*) I believe these words are the currency in trade, but your market here (*pointing to her heart*) is without consumers.

VANDERPELT. I am sure of one thing, that you will find more true happiness with a man of wealth, without the fashionable book learning that young ladies think so fine, than with a poor bankrupt, with nothing to feed and clothe you except fine thoughts.

MATILDA. My lover must be a lover, and his fine thoughts must only be the advance guard to glorious actions. He must not eat the lotus, but drink deep of the well springs of human action; great thoughts made great things by a man of noble spirit.

VANDERPELT. I do not quite understand you, but I care

very little for anything to eat or drink while a negotiation is pending. May I take my leave?

MATILDA. Adieu. (VANDERFELT bows out, R.) I must appear very cruel and unkind, I know; and it almost breaks my heart to disappoint poor pa and ma. They have always been so kind to me. It is the only thing I could refuse them. But instinct teaches us to find our mate as it does all other living creatures. As well might the black-bird be compelled by its sooty parent to wed the hawk, and expect to find happiness, as for me to wed this lion of the Stock Exchange and love him, as he has a right to expect, from my bridal vow.

Exit MATILDA, R.

Enter BERTHA, R., and MONTROSE, L.

MONTROSE. I can endure this no longer.

BERTHA. What, you here?

MONTROSE. Yes; I find the family has gone for a drive to the fort, and was too impatient to see you to wait. That southern rebel has crossed my path and filched my game while it was in my springes. Bertha, I'll be revenged on the dog and make him grub in the earth for something else than flowers.

BERTHA. But what did you mean to do? You did not mean to kidnap Matilda. We will be caught and punished.

MONTROSE. Did Matilda suspect who were her assailants?

BERTHA. No, indeed; and I trembled for all my life, and tried to throw suspicion on the gardener.

MONTROSE. But she knew differently.

BERTHA. Yes; and is more desperately in love with him than ever. If you expect to ever gain Matilda, you must get the gardener out of her way.

MONTROSE. That must be thought of hereafter. Let me see. I will have old Roseallen forbid him to throw himself in the way of his daughter. The fellow is as high toned as Sir Charles Grandison, and is as fiery as Hector or Hotspur. He will keep away; besides, the blow he got in the

fray has laid him out for at least six weeks, and perhaps may prove his quietus. In the meantime I will invent some story that will make the coast clear. Of two things am I now resolved—Revenge on this impecunious intruder, and to have Matilda, though I should have to dive wrist deep in her lover's blood.

BERTHA. You must now leave me, for I hear them. The carriages have arrived. In the meantime I will ward off all suspicions; will sympathize with her, and keep the track of her secret.

Exeunt, BERTHA, R., MONTROSE, L.

Enter MATILDA, R., with her bonnet in her hand and throws herself on a sofa, her head resting on her hands, and in meditation.

Enter Mrs. ROSEALLEN, R.

Mrs. R. Matilda, you have your father much offended. The expectation indulged in by him, that you would accept the hand of Mr. Vanderpelt, has been as soothing medicine to a mind sick almost to desperation. Every emotion of his heart is bound up in love of you, and pride for the honor of his name. Your father is not avaricious, nor I ambitious; nor would we sacrifice your happiness for any earthly motive. 'Tis not that honor or riches are to be won, but dishonor and loss of caste is to be averted; that makes it necessary that you should wed this millionaire. Consider your father's gray hairs, his sensitive nature, his fear of humiliation, and then, like the fair daughter of Israel, kiss the hand that you believe wounds you. I know my daughter's spirit and principle; I can calculate upon them. I ask you not to wed for distinction, wealth, or station, although all these are things to be desired. I know that you would spurn them if your heart did not espouse the giver; but think rather on the good you may do and the evil you can avert to those precious to you, and who gave you life and trained up your mind in fadeless gems of loveliness. I do not command you; I only entreat.

MATILDA. (*Throws herself in her mother's arms and sobs.*) Mother! mother! mother! I can wrong myself. Like Jephthah's daughter, I can give up my life without a sigh, save to leave you all, for the sake of duty. But my dear father's example and my mother's precepts have ever taught me that there is no possible ill so great as that where self-respect dies with the ruin. I shall ever be obedient to your will, and pray heaven that it may open some other way to save you and bless me. Mercy! what shall I do? I care nothing for worldly splendor, though surrounded by such since first my eyes knew what it meant. Kind and gracious heaven! give us strength to bear our present lot, if in poverty, with independence and content; if in prosperity, humility and loving charity! Dear mother, things may yet be better than they seem. (*Embracing her mother.*)

MRS. R. God bless you, my child; and may we learn wisdom from thy chaste and innocent lips.

Exit MOTHER, R.

Enter BERTHA, R. C.

(MATILDA *turns and throws herself into her arms, and sobs.*)

BERTHA. Do not weep, my dearest darling; my heart almost breaks for you. I feel as if you were again my pretty child, with sunny face and amber-lighted ringlets, come to my arms to tell me that some mishap had overtaken your favorite doll. *Then* the eyes dropped plenteous tears; now the bosom rises and falls, and the heart beats as if this little delicate body would end its being. (*Aside.*) I can no longer deceive her. (*Aloud.*) Matilda, bear up. Your ride has fatigued you. Evening is just coming on, and the moon is just rising. (*Goes to the window.*) See this fair painting spread before you—the long, dark shadows of the wood lying by the side of bright moonlit plats of green. Thus, darling, is life ever checkered. What, darling, no words, only sobs? Can't I make you think of something else?

Well, there! (MATILDA *lays her head upon* BERTHA'S *bosom.*)
Cry yourself to sleep, little baby.

(*Serenade on flute, air, the Love Song, heard from the bower.*)

Enter MRS. ROSEALLEN, R.

Mrs. R. Forgive me, my darling child. (*Kneels by her side and raises* MATILDA'S *hand to her lips.*) 'God bless you, Matilda, and may He who stilled the waves stretch out His hand to save.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE. — *Roseallen's Garden. Landscape Gardener's cottage in rear.* LANDSCAPE GARDENER, *with head bound in handkerchief, sits in grief.*

Enter FRANK, from cottage.

FRANK. Well, Templeton, it's all over with poor Adam. He died blessing your mother and you.

L. G. The last link is broken that bound me to the old plantation. The pitcher is broken at the fountain. (*Shows great emotion; rises and comes forward.*) Doctor, you can hardly understand my feelings at this moment. That faithful old servant is so associated with my childhood, my boyhood, and my manhood, in our prosperity, destitution, and wanderings, that it almost tears out my very heart-strings at parting with him. The goodness of this swarthy slave shone like a candle upon my head, and by its light I walked through darkness. It was his honest nature, faithful and true, that watched over me and mine, and followed my poor mother to the North to search out her prisoner boy, and asked no other wages but a smile and a "Well, Adam, how are you, to-day?" All the high and lofty ones have dealt treacherously with us, but this weak, decrepit old man has been as the rock. This sable face is to me whiter than those brought up in scarlet. Farewell, dear servant! Faithful friend, farewell! The dear remembrancer of our once happy home and county, farewell! Our fathers have sinned and are not. Our servants rule over us. Our crime has fallen upon our head. Woe unto us that we have sinned! But the Lord will not cast us off forever. But, though He doth cause us grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

FRANK. A sorrowing friend is the best willow that can weep over the grave of virtue, whether that angel dwelt in a white or black skin.

L. G. Give the poor fellow as decent a burial as our purse can afford, and I will go, Doctor, to my mother, to aid her in crossing the hands of gentle old Adam.

FRANK. (*Approaching to assist TEMPLETON.*) Come, you must not grieve so. Your present health makes you impassible. He who has just given you Matilda has taken from you Adam. He gives and He takes away. Yet, such drops are medicine to you. Tears shed by the generous over the grave of the faithful sparkle into the brightest chrysolites that blaze around the great White Throne.

(FRANK *leads the L. G. to the cottage door.*) *Exeunt.*

Cottage shifted.

Enter MATILDA and BERTHA, R.

MATILDA. It is now three nights since he was in the wood. My silence and indifference have but ill repaid his services and his passion. The sound of the flute has been to me the voice of hope breaking through the clouds of despair. Oh, Bertha! my sense of duty to my parents and the honor of our name have so nearly perished amidst the persecutions of Mr. Vanderpelt that I could now feel it no crime to throw myself into the Landscape Gardener's arms, and seek, in his humble worth, the protection I cannot find in my own home.

BERTHA. Wisely spoken, my beautiful child? My own blood boils with the passion of youth, and almost drives from my heart the gratitude I owe your parents, as I witness this persecution of the sweetest young lady in the land. The arms of Colonel George Templeton, the son of the widow, can as well defend his bride as the proudest man who ever wore epaulets.

MATILDA. Is that the name of my preserver, Bertha? How came you by the knowledge? Speak and relieve me, that I may be certain to whom I owe my life, or my honor, and to whom I, unworthy, thankless, ungrateful being that I am, have not since then vouchsafed one solitary look or word of thanks or gratitude. But what said you of his health? He was wounded for me. Alas! has adverse fate another evil in store for a daughter of affliction?

BERTHA. For your sake, my child, I traced out this man. But oh! that I should have to add another sorrow to the woe-worn child of my early affection! He is ill. A wound he received in a fray has become, by ill-treatment and exposure, the heart of a fever that has eaten into the heart of life.

MATILDA. And he will die for me, killed by the second and severest wound of ingratitude! With death on him, received in my defense, has he nightly visited the bower of his ungrateful mistress, who never, even by the movement of her evening lamp, showed that she heard his strains or understood their meaning. That countenance, weeping with blood, yet beautiful through his life-stream, flowing for me, will haunt me through the short span that misery may allow me. Would to God that I had returned one token as a mark of gratitude, if not of love! Bertha, I must see this man who holds in his hands the issues of my destiny.

BERTHA. And you will, good child. But, should death deprive you of this refuge, may we not think of some other means of saving you from this forced, abhorred match with this rich suitor? Col. Alex. Montrose, whom your father has dismissed, loves you, and will give you that care which your heart so much requires.

MATILDA. Bertha, do not mention that wretch's name to me. He is a slanderer and a vile coiner of falsehood!

BERTHA. Are you able to wander so far as the cemetery, and near to the cottage of Widow Templeton?

MATILDA. A bleeding head did not keep him from my wood bower; a bleeding heart shall not prevent me seeing him before he dies.

(MATILDA and BERTHA walk to an angle of the stage in rear.)

BERTHA. See you the little rustic cottage yonder, just beside the grave yard? It looks out on to the sea.

MATILDA. Oh, yes. Its beauty and romantic appearance has made it a wonder and attraction to all who visit Newport. It is on our grounds; father visits it daily.

BERTHA. The smoke from its chimney is curling around the mist clouds; but there is a darker mist within, and no sun to send a beam of health through it.

MATILDA. And, humble as it is, compared with these lordly mansions, and gloomy as it may be within, I could ever seek there the peace I cannot feel in the proud halls of Roseallen Place. There are no forced marriages under the roofs of cottages.

BERTHA. But there is death in the lodge as well as in the palace.

MATILDA. Gracious heaven! what do I see? A group of people that look like mourners. It is a funeral! See! they are moving toward the church yard. Bertha, who is dead?

BERTHA. Come, come, now; we have seen enough.

MATILDA. There is a marriage with death; it endures forever. Bertha, I can endure my woe no longer. Death or madness will be my doom if I am forced into this awful marriage. What of George Templeton? Did you not promise me to inquire for his health? Were we not to visit him when my strength permitted? Tell me—tell me, have you heard how he is?

BERTHA. He is well, my lady—better than either you or I.

MATILDA. Bless you! bless you, dear Bertha! (*Throwing her arms around the neck of BERTHA.*). Then there is some chance left for me. I may yet be saved from that dreadful doom. I would trust to the honor of that man, who has already saved it, with my life. Ah! if he is well I may yet expect those sweet tones which soften the grief that sits like a relentless tyrant upon my heart. Why not, Bertha, go right to him?

BERTHA. It was his corpse that they just now bore by us. (*MATILDA swoons in her arms and revives.*) Alas, poor young lady, let me lead you in. (*Aside.*) It is cruel. This is love, indeed, but a holy love. It makes her sacred; mine has but made me miserable and wicked.

Exeunt, R. C.

Enter JULIA, L.

JULIA. It is the most singular thing in the world about the report of Miss Roseallen's abduction. No one seems to know anything about it, although our coachman saw the whole affair. The Roseallens ignore the whole matter. It seems so strange that Mrs. Roseallen should seek to compel Matilda to marry Mr. Vanderpelt, when she avows her disinclination to marry her husband — that is to be. Oh, dear, I am so glad that pa was brought over to let Frank come to the house, and to promise me that if he succeeds in his profession he shall have me to divide its honors. Mercy on me! why *don't* Frank come? He is always late; and I promised Miss Roseallen that I would take him over and introduce him to her. Perhaps I could get her father to ask Frank to prescribe for poor Matilda's spirits. If they are low, I feel that Frank's spirits will be correspondingly high at securing such a fashionable connection. I wonder if he could not discover some very select remedies for very select society? If he only makes them believe so, it will give him a high standing in his profession. Oh! here he comes; I know his step.

Enter FRANK, from across the bridge.

FRANK. Better late than never. But the truth is, I have a patient, and have just lost another. Poor fellow! About a week ago I had an errand over to the cottage of our fair widow, Mrs. Cummings; and on my way back I was hastening hither, when a rustic cottage—a miracle of beauty—attracted my attention, and I could not but stay and admire and wonder at the taste of the occupant, whoever he might be, when I heard from within the moan of one who suffers in his sleep; and while I stood half in curiosity and half in admiration at the neatness and refinement of this humble home, a motherly woman came to the door. Her troubled countenance at once told a story of sickness or grief. As she noticed me, she at first thought to withdraw herself, then hesitating, she addressed me with, “My kind sir, where does the nearest doctor or surgeon live?” I answered, “Madam, one now stands before you, and will gladly tender his services, if they can be accepted. Pray, what can I do for you?” She looked earnestly into my face, as if questioning whether one so young could be trusted in a case of surgery, and then humbly said, “My son lies sick of a wound; please examine it.” I entered the cotter’s room in an instant, and found stretched upon a bed, whose trappings rivaled the whiteness of the mountain-snow, a young man of the most herculean proportions; his limbs knit together with a neatness that at once promised grace and manly strength. No classic sculptor has ever given us a finer figure of robust manhood, joined to that elegance of proportion which gives to its possessor grace of motion. As he lay upon his couch, with his bosom opened to view, his shirt rolling from it on either side, I noticed a deep scar, taken, as he told me, in the battle of “Bull’s Run” from a bayonet stab. I found that the wound from which he was then suffering was received from a club or staff—a severe contusion on the head, severe, but easily managed. I knew

by the pulse that my patient was suffering more from perturbation of mind than from the effects of the wound, and that a nervine would soon restore him to repose. After administering one, I left him, at times delirious, talking wildly of flowers and a lady-love, ruffians, villains, and then of the deadly strife of the battle-field —

“Of prisoners’ ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.”

And then some love thoughts, fresh and beautiful as morning violets. Poor fellow! I was afraid “Armeidis de Gaul” and Cervantes had made his big, manly head mad with some hopeless passion. I proposed to visit him that same evening, and I then hoped to learn something of my wounded hero.

JULIA. Oh, that’s the home of the landscape gardener who designed and made these grounds we admired so much at the picnic. We all had hoped to see him, and to have contrived to make him one of our company. Curiosity is on tip-toe to peep into his little sanctuary. I wonder who could have harmed him?

FRANK. No matter. I have been tending him for a week, and he is getting better.

JULIA. In spite of *your* treatment?

FRANK. Hush, Julia! And I have become so interested in him that I have learned to love him. He had a poor slave, Adam, who was as much devoted to him as was “Corporal Trim” to my uncle “Toby,” and with as good a reason. George Templeton is at once the noblest and tenderest of men; as gentle as a mother’s love, and as faithful as a mother’s heart—a soldier and a lover! Well, this poor black took sick of a fever, and no angel ever shielded from harm as did the landscape gardener and his kind, good mother this dying servant. In spite of *their* nursing and *my* skill the poor fellow died; and although Templeton is poor, he spared nothing to give his faithful domestic a fitting

funeral. Now, this is the secret that I have been keeping from you, and making you so jealous; and it is my interest in George Templeton that prompted me to ask of you an introduction to Miss Matilda Roseallen.

JULIA. Well, Frank, you are a good, kind-hearted fellow, and I won't be jealous any more. Wait a moment, and I will put my hat and gloves on, and go with you to call upon the belle of Newport; and while on the way, to satisfy a woman's curiosity, it is only a little walk to the front.

Exeunt.

(MATILDA, about to visit the grave yard and throw herself on the grave, looks out from an angle of the stage, L. C., toward the grave yard.)

MATILDA. My heart is so big with grief that it chokes out every fear; yet mine eyes are backward cast, and great beads of sweat do stand at each shadow moving to and fro. Those monumental sentinels of the dead do in the moon-light look like sheathed ghosts, and at the echo of each rustling leaf I startle. Oh, how I loved this man, when infatuation can take me there in spite of all these fears! I shudder while I pray. Heaven save me! This pilgrimage is the only penance I know. If a maiden's tears could quench the fire that now burns within my heart, then would I shed tears as fast as ever fell from April cloud. No, it cannot be. Like the pelican, I must suck the wound until I die of love. Spirit of my beloved, look down from the chaste heavens, and before this altar—thy grave—receive my penitence. Let the light of thy countenance shine upon my sorrowing soul. To die without one word of gratitude, a look of love—neglected by her whom thou didst die to save—her who loved thee so. You whose goodness lit up her soul with such a light that all its hills and valleys smiled with gladness—(*sobs*)—but must smile no more forever. My soul is heavy; and will be until with thee it rests in Elysium. My desire would dig *thee* up again, if thought

did not teach me that greater grief, to see thee dead and changed, would almost kill me. Look down from the footstool of mercy and forgive me. In pity do this, that I may bear my cross. (*Sobs.*) Teach me to say, "Thy will be done." My only peace is to look up to thee. Lift me for the sake of *her* desolate, that I may be her daughter and her comforter. God give me strength to undertake this night's worship! What do my eyes see? Bertha and a man dressed in the garb of the villain who attempted my abduction! Now I see his face! Montrose! I must hide. (*MATILDA retreats to another part of the stage.*) And has she deceived me? Then there is no refuge for me. Good-night, sweet gentleman. (*Looking toward the grave.*) The dew upon your grave is not more pure than was your heart while living. *Conceals herself.*

Enter MONTROSE and BERTHA, L. C.

MONTROSE. Bertha, this very night must end my suspense. Matilda in my arms, and death to George Templeton if he would save her.

Exeunt, MONTROSE, L., BERTHA, R.

MATILDA. (*Coming forward.*) I am forsaken on every side! George Templeton dead and in his grave; Bertha faithless! Thus have I lost both friend and lover—the *one* by *death*, the *other* by *infidelity*. My mother still tenderly persuading me to that most loathsome to me. My father obdurate and almost unkind. Mr. Vanderpelt determined and relentless, vexing me with an ardent passion which he calls love, but from whose embraces I would fly as from a twisting serpent. Tears are denied me, and my heart is restless and miserable.

Enter SERVANT MAID, R., with MR. VANDERPELT'S card.

SERVANT MAID. A gentleman waits for you upon the front verandah. He is dressed very smartly, and brings you a big bouquet. He came in a splendid carriage. I guess he is very rich.

MATILDA. Tell the gentleman to excuse me. I am very indisposed, and cannot possibly receive any company to-day. (SERVANT *retires.*) Is there no hope, no succor? How can I, who am in the deepest despair and misery, entertain aught save my own weeping thoughts? Solitude is the only friend who can sit beside me and my own bitter fancies; the only solace I can have in this hour of gloom; the harp of grief, like the Æolian of heaven, knows no mortal touch; its sounds are saddest and sweetest in the solitude of the wood, and grow wild amidst the festivities of the hall. Sweet heaven, send thy ministering angel to me, and illumine my brow with thy own hallowed light!

Enter MR. and MRS. ROSEALLEN, R.

(MRS. R. *holds MATILDA's hand and strokes her hair.*)

MR. R. All this will not impose upon us, Matilda. You were well last eve when you walked with Bertha, and this well-acted fit is intended to remove the impression I entertain of your perfect ability to receive Mr. Vanderpelt. Mark me, Matilda, I will heed you no more if your simulations were as well acted as those of the wise king of Utica. Besides, we have, in your wood bower, a lover. I insist, Matilda, you tell me who he is.

MATILDA. (*Startles.*) (*Aside.*) Could have Bertha told me falsely of his death and burial? (*Aloud.*) Father, I do not know.

MR. R. Is it he with whom you attempted to elope that night when Bertha fell on the bridge?

MATILDA. I never attempted to elope; but an attempt was made to carry me off by some one in disguise, and the man now in my wood bower may be he; but I know not. (*Flute is heard giving a serenade.* MATILDA *throws herself in her mother's arms and weeps.*) Mother, save me! Forgive me; my heart will break! Whom can I trust? I love George Templeton, the gardener, and will go to him if

it is he. Living I love him. Dying, I'll go to heaven, and find that rest denied to me here upon earth.

(MATILDA *rushes to the bower, followed by her father, mother and BERTHA. As they approach a pistol shot is heard, and MONTROSE, holding the pistol, rushes from the bower, followed by the LANDSCAPE GARDENER, who staggers out and falls, wounded, at MATILDA's feet.*)

L. G. Sweet maiden! Beloved! (*Points to his cottage.*) My mother! (*Dies, kissing her hand.*)

(MATILDA *swoons.*)

END OF ACT V.

ACT VI.

SCENE.—*Roseallen's Parlors, brilliantly illuminated; the picnic party* — BOB SUMMERS, BERTHA, *et al.*

BOB. Well, Kate, I think if every wedding had such beautiful cut flowers, and such delicious music, it wouldn't be poor fun to be invited every Saturday night at least. I wish they would provide gloves and carriages, as they do to the other end of the comedy.

KATE. I fear, dear Robert, that Miss Roseallen, in her orange blossoms and pearls, is but a cut flower, delicate and lovely; but, like the brightest, the soonest to wither and crumble.

NELLIE. I saw her yesterday evening, and her hand was as cold as marble and her face like alabaster. Her sweet voice sounded like the spirit of sadness.

JULIA. For my part, I would rather marry the one I truly love than to have the wealth of Midas.

CLARENCE. And ever afterward feel as if you wore his ears.

JULIA. Why are you so cheerful, Frank? Your spirits seem as jocund as a country dance. I should think you saw some rainbow to the cloud.

CHARLES. Frank's looking forward to a larger practice. So far he has been called upon only to attend the dying. I trust that he now looks forward to the more cheerful practice of giving sugar-plums to the living. As most partnerships end in work for lawyers, so do most weddings fees for doctors. Ha! ha!

BOB. What did you say about fees for lawyers? Egad! this is to be a cheerful wedding after all, if that is to be one of the courses.

WALTER. I wonder Vanderpelt is not married *privately*. They say that the bride refuses to receive any wedding presents except a bouquet of lilies from the doctor, here.

BOB. No wedding presents! Then has Cupid come again?

LIZZIE. Yes; and a beautiful thing it is! The flowers came from the cottage lately inhabited by the ill-fated George Templeton. His spirit must have breathed upon them.

ARTHUR. A spirit as pure as their own fragrance, and as tender as their own lives. Doctor, who arranged them for you?

Enter ROSEALLEN, DAUGHTER, MRS. R. and VANDERPELT, CLERGYMAN, et al.

Tableau for wedding.

CLERGYMAN. If any one can show just cause why this man and woman may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

Enter GEORGE TEMPLETON.

GEO. TEMPLETON. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. I claim by that highest of titles, the human heart, this woman to be my bride, and will maintain it by all that's right!

MATILDA. Good heavens! George Templeton alive and here! (*Rushes to and clings to him.*)

GEO. TEMPLETON. Yes, darling, and to save. (*Turning to MATILDA's father.*) Sir, I called on you and respectfully laid my claim to your friendship and your daughter's. My

occupation was and is honorable. Wealth or fame it might not have promised; competency and content it surely gave. You received me with disdain. You reminded me, in my lost cause, rebellion was *treason* and *I* a traitor. In vain I urged upon you my honorable descent, my forefathers' splendid services at the birth of our Republic, of the sincerity of my intentions, and the fidelity which I owed my native State. I asked you to show that magnanimity to me, a paroled prisoner and fallen man, that the great Grant, when flushed with a victory that will forever gild his name, displayed when he poured the greatness of his soul upon his peer, the great Lee, crowning him in higher immortality! You bade me leave your house, and see you no more. Had this been all, I should have respected your commands; but when I learned that you would sell my darling for lucre, to one whom she had, with tears and sobs, told she could not love, the tie of father and daughter was rent in twain. Children should be *given* in marriage, not *sold*. Then I came to you poor; I now claim her hand, as I already hold her heart, rich, and what is best to her and me, able to recompense, as I have, the skill of my dear physician, Frank Merrilie, who saved my life; and to pay gold and gratitude to a clever lawyer — dear Bob Summers — through whose aid the government has extended the act of amnesty to me, and restored to my mother her fortune. And now, Matilda, forgive Mr. Vanderpelt his persecutions, and invite him, as we are authorized, to the wedding of Dr. Frank Merrilie with Miss Julia Willoughby, Robert Summers, Esq., with Miss Kate Spring, and Col. George Templeton with Miss Matilda Roseallen, in the presence of all our friends, North and South.

FRANK. And with Julia for my wife, all will go *merrily*.

BARTLETT. (*Holding Mrs. Cummings by the hand.*) And may not we make a "Bartlett pair?"

BOB. And if you smile on our nuptials, I trust this beautiful Spring will be the mother of many a "Summer."

OLD W. And, friends, when we see the beauty of the North married to the chivalry of the South, "MAY THE UNION BE PERPETUAL!"

Tableau!

VANDERPELT. CLERGYMAN. BERTHA.

ET AL. MRS. ROSEALLEN. MR. ROSEALLEN. ET AL.

B. & K. LANDSCAPE GARDENER & MATILDA. F. & J.

BARTLETT & MRS. C. OLD WILLOUGHBY. CHARLES & VIOLET.

THE END.



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